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Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE girl in the blue chiffon—and not much of it—had just finished telling the right hand box that he couldn't stop loving her now. Though why he was ever fool enough to begin it, considering the undiscriminating nimble use she made of the blue slippers and the still bluer eyes under their black velvet fillet, the gallery gods alone knew.

Clifton, sole occupant of a long white bench in the "peanuts" scowled and sighed. Through all the hairbreadthness of Telegraph Helen he had mulled over his own thoughts, though his eyes were on the screen. Pauline had plunged perilously off into the darkness once again, without waking him. But the blue vaudeville girl with her shrill, vociferations re honey's keeping it up were too much for any man's concentration, no matter what his inner woes might be.

So Clifton took his swagger stick, pasted back the cold stare that usually masked his thoughts, and sought the aisle, just when the two gum-chewesses on the outside were finally of the opinion that they had really attracted the handsome soldier's attention. It was raining. You knew subconsciously that if you were in the country it would smell warm and moist and earthy and memoryful. As it was, the only good the rain did in the hard stone town, was to make a wet sidewalk across which the lights in the Quick Lunch over the road stretched long beckoning fingers.

"Coffee?" said Clifton to himself, "I think so. Precautionary measures are in order—after last night."

The drink disposed of, he started uptown again, alone as usual. A private with an Oxford education is apt to be alone. There are generally reasons.

He turned quickly off Duchess Street—three blocks of shine one way and four the other—and got under the dripping trees of a residential avenue, the better to walk without interruption.

"One more hope gone," he thought, swinging steadily through the darkness, "well, what could you expect? I wasn't slated for success I fancy, and yet somehow or other, I haven't the common sense to lie still when I'm down. I can't get it through my head that I won't make good some time, somewhere. I come to Canada—and fail as usual. I try the States—and fail again.

"War breaks out. 'Here,' I say to myself, 'Robert Elmseley Fitzgerald Clifton, here is your God-given opportunity to break even. Your life is no good to you. And it's worse than that to your friends. Enlist, man! Stop a bit of shrapnel that was meant for the captain. Earn your grave, if you never earned anything else.'

"Nothing doing.

"If they'd slip a fellow into khaki, cheer him off at the station and let him die while he was clean and ready—but not they. The Battalion isn't fit for the Front yet. Or it isn't up to strength. Or there aren't transports. Or Sam Hughes and Kitchener don't see eye to eye. Anyhow, we're left six months — six slow, heartrending months in this merry little sink of iniquity. And in the meantime Robert E. F. Clifton goes to the devil as per usual, and no questions asked."

For a block or two he walked on in the paralysis of his bitter conclusion.

They had moved into summer camp, had the old Umpty-steenth, instead of going to the Front as they had expected. The long white streets were laid out on the hill, the twenty or so regimental mascots had barked themselves joyfully into new quarters, and the married men had thanked heaven for the delay. The old easy-going discipline of the last months was to be tightened. That very day the sentries had been served with ball cartridge, and were to "shoot to kill" any man breaking into the lines after Lights Out.

Young Findlater of the *Screech* had made a fine lemon-colored yarn out of the "cordon of death" that now surrounded the Heights. It might have a good effect perhaps on prowlers of a certain description. And then again it mightn't. A two dollar bill would draw some folks

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through every trench in Flanders and on across the Carpathians.

As Clifton turned into the street that ran due north to the Camp he heard the Tatoo, clear and pure and high across the drizzling night. The music of an organ is elaborate, decorative, full-blown with ornateness; the piano is hard, tinkle-minded, mechanical; the violin is passion-swept and yearning. But the bugle is above all things on earth a still, white flame of sound—sheer soul. No wonder they choose the bugle to hurl a column into the teeth of the guns. And to play Last Post over the pitiful remains of it.

A huge distaste for the uproarious tents surged over Clifton. To live, ten in a round little circle fourteen feet in diameter, is hard on anybody. But to the man with the Oxford education—and the reasons—it's sometimes straight hell.

As he came to the track and the last row of houses fronting the fields, he swerved abruptly, walked a few steps out over the grass and sat down on a bunch of railroad ties.

"Damn their ball cartridge," he said bitterly, "I only wish they would shoot me. I'll stay here till I hear Lights Out, and then, when I get good and ready, I'll go in."

Which was just the sort of fool trick that Bob Clifton had been doing since he left school. And hitherto he had always come in for the full returns that such performances merit. But this time the solemn Fate that broods over khaki-men had ordained something different.

Another fifteen minutes passed. And Last Post shivered its unfinished call into the night.

Fifteen more. And there was the wail of Lights Out, with the long drawn note of utter sadness at the end that means that the bugle doesn't know what comes after.

A moment or two he waited, motionless, his cap off to catch the vagrant little night breeze that had stolen in from somewhere with the rising of the moon. Then he turned, slowly, and started across the field.

"Soldier, oh mister soldier!" he heard behind him, "Wait a minute, please, please wait!"

Startled by the almost-agony in the voice, he stopped.

And so she came hurrying to him over the wet grass, a little figure of blurred outlines at first, with a rough coat clutched across her throat. When she was close to him he saw that her hair was all loose around her face, and she had the biggest sea-green-greyest eyes in the world.

"I've been watching you from my window back there," she panted, jerking her head toward the straggling houses, "and of course I thought you knew about how you'd get shot if you came in late. But you didn't go. And I waited and waited. And then, all of a sudden, after the call, you got up and went. And of course I *had* to run out to tell you!"

A desire to laugh almost overwhelmed Clifton. So the child had read the *Screech* had she—and had taken it for gospel truth? But one more glance down into the serious grey eyes took all the laugh out of him.

"How'll you get in now?" she breathed, "even after I've told you? What'll you do? Could I go ahead and tell them you're coming—they wouldn't take me for a German, you know—only before that I'd have to go back and get—get dressed."

For the first time she appeared to realize her loosened curls, and the realization, getting mixed up with her concern for the soldier-man whom she had held up, made her a very alluring little bit of femininity. It was the blush perhaps that caused Clifton suddenly to realize that she wasn't the child for whom he had taken her.

"See here," he said, his voice hesitant over the best way of breaking the truth, "it was awfully good of you to tell me. And now that I know, I believe I can get in all right. Only first you must let me see you back to the road."

"You're sure?" said the girl, "it would be awful if there was any mistake. I couldn't work to-morrow for worrying unless—unless I was sure. But I s'pose if I didn't hear a shot—" her eyes widened with the horror of it, "and yet I guess you don't feel like that—not like I do, I mean, if you've been brave enough to enlist."

The big grey eyes carried such a deep and withal utterly instinctive admiration, that a queer little responsive tingle tightened around the man's heart. This kid out of nowhere with the curls blowing across her face, looked as if she *cared*. Well, didn't she? Hadn't she run out into the night for him?

"What's your name, kiddie?" he asked, "and where do you 'work'? You don't look old enough to do anything."

She laughed, a real ripple of high-keyed amusement, that lit up her sombre eyes and threw out a hidden little dimple. The inimitable sort of laugh that's born, not made.

"Old enough? Gee, I'm nineteen! And I've worked, one way and another since I was—oh, about eight and a half. I'm at the Snapcorn factory now, and my name's Cynthia. Anything more?"

"Yes," he said, "where's the factory, Cynthia, and when do you get out? I'd like to take you to dinner."

A sudden cloud ripped itself down across the grey eyes and turned the laughing mouth into a straight line. She looked years older, and as wary as a wild animal.

Clifton saw that he had startled her. He had startled himself, to tell the truth.

"Kiddie," he said quickly, "I—I beg your pardon. But you mustn't misunderstand. Your coming out here to warn me, and our talk just now sorta made me think I'd known you a long time. If—If there's any more conventional way of meeting you, I want to do it. Do you get me?"

She gave him a long look that began at the "Canada" on his shoulder straps and went clear into the soul of him. He could never get away from the idea that he hadn't had to tell her anything about himself—good or bad—after that first look.

He returned it as intently. He even drew himself up a little, knowing, in some occult way, that whatever the verdict was, it would be final—and incalculably important.

Then she put out her hand.

"You're all right," she said quietly, "an' we get out at six."

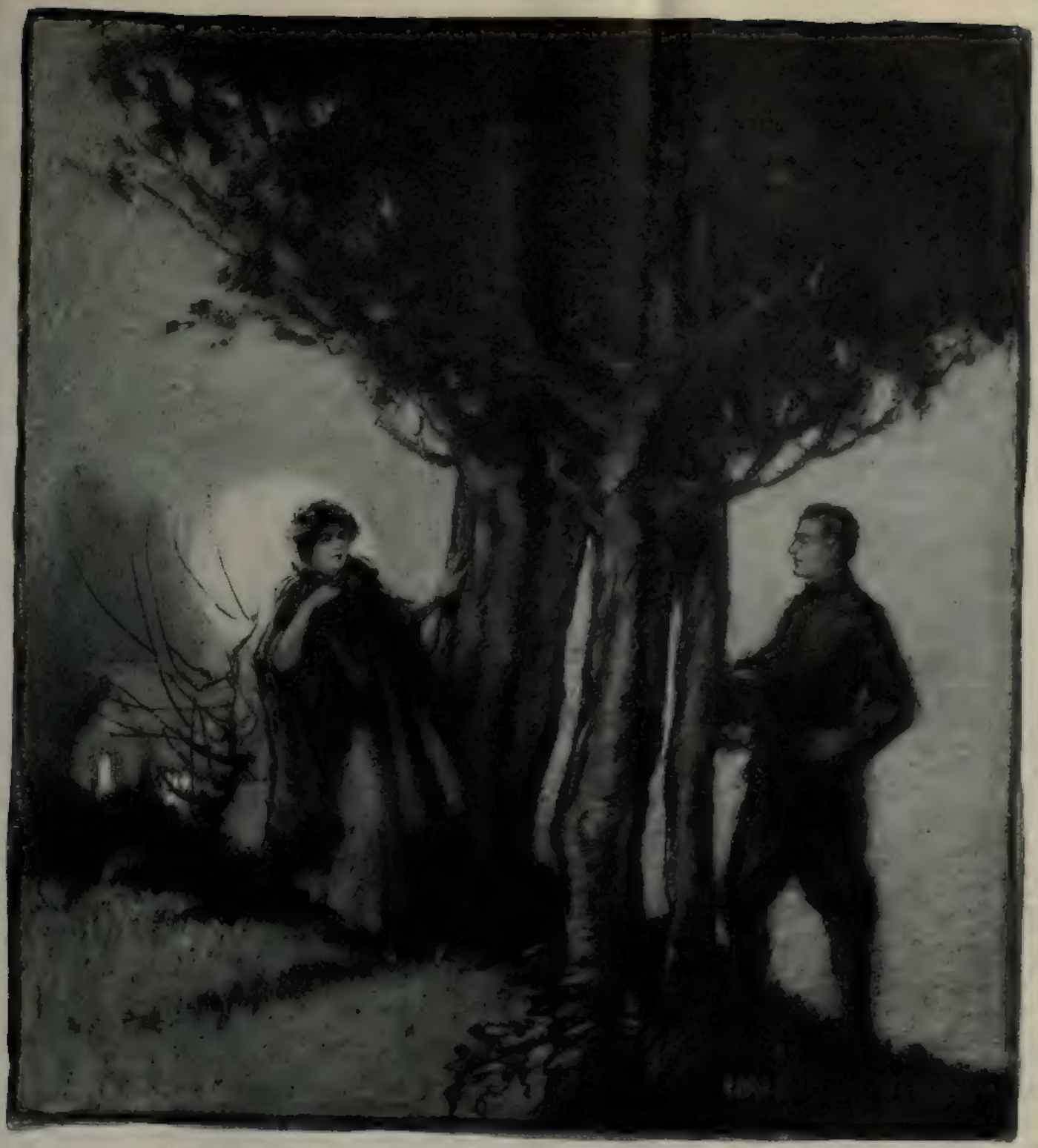
Not until after he had retired to toss in his own little segment of tent that night, did Clifton realize that he didn't know her last name. And he hadn't told her any of the four of his!

Viewed by the sober light of day, to the tune of a sprightly five-thirty reveille, Private Clifton was amazed beyond all earthly measure at what had happened to him. He, R. E. F. Clifton, Oxford, reasons and all, as aforesaid—had made a six o'clock main-street on-the-corner date with a girl who said she worked in a candy factory. And he could hardly wait for the time to come!

The plunge forward and the concomitant pull back became all the stronger as he smoked one cigarette after the other, waiting for the Snapcornettes to issue from their labors.

"Confound it!" he said to himself at last, "what if she is a factory girl? What if she has a Birmingham accent? She's the only human being in years that's cared a hoot whether I lived or died. She's the only thing I've met in this town that doesn't look down on the khaki—or try to make money out of it—unless it has a rank badge. And as for the mater and all the rest of them—well—the old lady wouldn't speak to me either now. So what's the odds?"

He had wondered if he'd know her when all those distracting brown curls were wastefully screwed up under some sort of a fool 1915 hat. But the minute he spotted the girl in the worn blue suit with her little air of restless-eyed breathlessness, he didn't need a second glance to send him across the street.



"COULD I GO AHEAD AND TELL THEM YOU'RE COMING—THEY WOULDN'T TAKE ME FOR A GERMAN, YOU KNOW—ONLY I'D HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET—GET DRESSED"

"Oh I've wondered and wondered if you'd come," said Cynthia, "and then I sorta wondered and wondered if I'd dreamt you and you couldn't even if you wanted to. And then one of the girls told me that it wasn't true about the soldiers getting shot—"

There was an eager, almost imploring look in her eyes that seemed to ask, "Did you know, mister soldier? And did you think me, oh such a little fool?"

Clifton saw that he couldn't deceive her now. And he didn't want to.

"No it wasn't true, that is not exactly, Cynthia," he said. "But you needn't think you didn't do anything. You held me back from something a damn sight worse than getting a bullet through me."

"*I*—helped *you*?" queried the girl. Again the unconsciousness of her admiration gave him a strange pleasure. "How could I?"

He had never been a communicative man. Training added to temperament and topped off with misfortune, had made him a soul without confidants. But now, walking into the sunset along the common-place main street of this common-place little town, he had an uncontrollable impulse to talk. This little scrap of a girl in blue was so friendly, so sympathetic, and withal so not of his own world, so much the sprite at the crossroads between dusk and dark, that he found himself un-

locking all sorts of old dust-covered boxes and turning over the queer beginnings of everything—sorta thinking out loud.

She wasn't just a girl of nineteen. She was a woman of Nineteen-Fifteen. She knew the world, not through reading Robert Chambers but through earning her living. Brown curls and grey eyes that were made to say wistfully, "I love you," don't have an easy time staying good enough to allow of kneeling down each night by a little white bed, to commend to God a still-white soul.

He could tell her things he could never have told his sister. She took them mostly without comment. Men were like that, in her experience. You grieved over them, you prayed for them, you kept on hoping and hoping—but you couldn't get shocked at them any more than you could at an earthquake or a thunderstorm.

"Anyhow—there you have it, kiddie—the diary of a failure," he said with a little smile as they finished their dessert. "I presume you can't make much of it—and I'm damned if I know why I told you. What do you think?"

Cynthia pulled on the worn little white cotton gloves that she washed out under the tap each night.

"I think you've never had half a chance, mister soldier," she said gravely, "and you need somebody to take care of you."

It was such an unexpected sort of answer, as if a little gutter-kitten had risen up and pitied a pedigreed wolf-hound.

"I—I think you're too hard on yourself in some ways. I mean—" she hesitated. Words were not her natural means of expression. "I mean I sorta think you've been through a lot—but it's only been going through it—and—and—you're coming out sometime. I believe you're coming out now—volunteering and all, you know. Why—why," she burst out, "you've the best heart! You know you have! Only you got started wrong somehow and then they jumped on you and you couldn't forgive yourself an' you didn't get onto the way to come back. Every time you started over and made a little slip, you threw up the sponge. But I think that was because——"

"Because I didn't have anybody in my corner to care whether I made good or not?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Maybe they did care—your mother and all those. But they didn't get it across. See?"

"Cynthia," he said suddenly, "you and I are going to the movies or we'll have half the restaurant looking at us. They don't see Madonna weeping over the naughty world every day."

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The Diet of Shrapnel

"I was about to crawl over the rear parapet when I heard a shell tearing through the air. I dived back into the trench and it exploded about five feet from me, a piece of casing cutting straight across my back. At the same time two of the men back of me were thrown on top of me, dead, followed by a pile of mud. Finally by pulling up my shirt I managed to put a bandage round my back to stop the flow of blood. Then I took a couple of cigarettes to smoke while I lay there waiting for death.

By Will D. Eaton

Illustrated from Photograph

THIS is a story of the great battle of Ypres, told by a soldier in the Canadian contingent, the last man left alive in a trench at a bloody salient near St. Julien, where the French had broken and let the Germans through. The Canadians were sent in there and beat the Germans back. It was an astounding feat of arms. One of the men who came through wrote about it to his mother, with no thought of its reaching other eyes. That is why it is so vivid. His name is Philip Sampson.

In the time of Charles II. there came to the colony of Virginia a Philip Aylett, to live upon an estate granted him by royal charter in recognition of services rendered Charles I. An Aylett lives now on that same estate, some thirty miles from Richmond.

In the colonial days of Virginia the cavalier families, all of them gentlefolk of England, intermarried. Thus a mistress Aylett, became the wife of Captain Dandridge, brother of Martha Washington; and another became the wife of Patrick Henry.

The mother of Philip Sampson is an Aylett. The Sampsons are Scots. The Ayletts are a fighting race. The Sampsons are sailors. When England entered the war last August, this young man—he is not yet twenty-two, crossed the international boundary at once, and enlisted at Toronto in the Queen's Own Rifles. At Valcartier, when it was learned that the Montreal Royal Rifles were to go first, he contrived an exchange to that regiment, and was sent over to Salisbury Plain, a private in No. 2 Company, 14th battalion, 3rd infantry brigade of the first Canadian Overseas Contingent. The brigade was sent into France in February and has been in almost continuous action ever since.

His mother, Mrs. Page Waller Eaton, consented freely to his enlistment, though he is her only son. Early in May she received a telegram from the adjutant-general at Ottawa, advising her that he had been seriously wounded. A second wire informed her that he was in hospital at Taplow, near London. Late that month, she received two letters. The first was written at Boulogne and was brief. "We had been fighting three days practically without food, toward the last without water," he wrote "and quite without sleep. I was wounded by what we fellows call a coal-box—a shrapnel wound in the right arm and across the back. It knocked me out. When I came to life again I was lying in mud, with two dead men on top of me. Every man in the trench was dead, but me. My mate was killed beside me."

His mate, as he calls him, was a young man named Shanks, of an excellent family in Scotland, who had come out to Montreal to live. Shanks was shot through the head about three hours before Philip got his. "I never was so sorry to lose anyone in all my life," he says. "I managed to get his watch, which I will take up to his people in Glasgow as soon as I am well enough, which they tell me will not be for a couple of months."

The second letter, mailed several days later in England, came only a day behind the first. It is a straight story, stark and unadorned, but for that reason impressive. The writer has a gift of narration. He was a newspaper man when the call of the blood drew him to the army. He is

too interested in describing what he saw to waste time telling any more of what he did than is necessary to make the picture clear. His letters show war as soldiers see it, concerning themselves not at all with such things as go to make official dispatches, but very intimately with the thoughts and acts of the men around them, and the burden and the duty of these heavy days.

The second letter is given in full, save for those passages which are personal to his mother:

"I am going to try to give you an idea of what happened during those never to be forgotten days of hell at Ypres.

"Since I intend this to be a letter full of news I may as well start with what happened on landing in France, February tenth, for I have been unable to write much news before. We were confined to form letters, as you know. We sailed from Bristol to St. Nazare, entrained, passed through Mance and came through to Hazebrouck, detrained, marched to Flete, from there to Armentieres, to Sur-La-Salle, then to Laventie, to Estair, to Cassell, to Ypres. Of course, we made quite a few stops in between at the trenches. What happened from time to time I will write you as best I can.

"We were on the left during the battle of Neuve Chapelle, and our orders having been to keep the enemy as busy as possible while our right made the attack, we kept up a heavy rifle fire all day, and waited orders to advance, but no order came. So we remained in the trench. We had lost quite a few of our men.

It was at this point of the line that we had a most damnable post, called the listening post. Two men had to crawl out over our barb wire entanglements and up to the enemy, to lie flat for two hours until two others would relieve the first two. When going, if a star shell went up, you had to drop—if going over the barb wire, drop on it till the few shots had passed by, for shots generally followed a star shell. After one arrived at this lonely post, his duty was to listen and watch for movements in the trench—you can hear them talking, quite plainly. The most unpleasant part of this post is that you are open to fire from both trenches. If the enemy starts to advance you fire five shots rapidly and then beat it back the best way possible.

Philip Sampson, the twenty-two year old American boy who joined the colors to fight for the British Empire at the outbreak of the war

"So much for the time spent prior to reaching the last and greatest battlefield of all.

"On leaving Cassell on April 17th, we marched about nine miles, went into billets for the night, and got up at four the next morning. We packed up, marched within about three miles of Ypres, lay in a field until four in the afternoon, then marched six miles through Ypres and halted waiting for darkness to settle, and then marched to the trenches, where we were to relieve the French troops.

"On arriving at the trenches we were told we would have no trouble with the enemy, for they (the French) had lost only a few men during the five months they had been there. We could not understand how this was possible, for the enemy was only seventy-five yards away at this point, and about twenty yards a little to the right. But it was raining and very dark, so we decided to wait until daylight, when we could look the ground over for ourselves—and a rare sight did we find.

"The parapets were not thick enough to stop a bullet. They had used their own and the German dead to build them up in part. We lost more men the very first day than they said they had lost during those five months. Looking over the parapets one could see the bodies of a hundred or more men who had fallen five months before. We could of course see that to set things right would mean working hard night and day while we were there. Sand bags were filled by day and put in place at night. We had no sleep worth speaking of during our stay of five days and nights in those trenches. It was only possible to get out at night to get water, and then we only got one bottleful, with which we had to make tea for breakfast and supper and still have drinking water. It was very hot by day, with a cold frost at night, and the odor from those bodies was something unbelievable. It would puzzle a Sahara camel driver to make a pint of water last twenty-four hours, but we had to do it.

"It was in one of these trenches that I had another close call. A piece of my hat was shot away.

"To give you an idea of how thin the parapets were: One of our fellows stooped to pick up something, when a bullet came through and hit him in the thigh. Another was hit in the head the same way. Our engineers managed to bury some of the bodies between the trenches, but there was so much work to be done on the parapets that we could not be bothered with the bodies at first.

"At the end of five days we were relieved by the 13th and 15th battalions of our brigade, and came out for what we believed to be four days' rest, for we had worked hard to earn it. Our company arrived at the town of St. Julien at about twelve o'clock, and went into some of the ruined houses and had some tea, the cook wagon

having come up. I managed to get to sleep about four in the morning and slept until six, when we got up for breakfast—for no fires could be lighted after daybreak, nor could anyone go out for fear of being seen by the enemy's aircraft, which would mean being shelled. I forgot to mention that our company was now in reserve, the battalion having gone to their billets in Ypres.

"There was rifle inspection about eleven o'clock and dinner about twelve, of bread and jam, so this left us anxious for darkness to fall, for there was a big dinner to come and the prospect of a good night's sleep, which would have been the first in six days. This never came, for it was on this as I have said 'never to be forgotten afternoon of April 23rd' at about four o'clock, that hell broke bounds to visit us at Ypres.

"The French troops began to drift in by twos and threes, down to the village—some wounded, some scared to death. We asked them where they were going and what the trouble was, and they said they were going for rations and there was nothing the matter. The number of wounded made it impossible to believe this. A little later we learned that the whole line had given way.

"Just then came an order to rush more ammunition up to the trenches. Eleven men besides myself were chosen to do this. By that time shells were falling by the dozen, and as we neared the trenches which were occupied by the 15th battalion, shells and shot grew thicker. We reached there without accident, and soon after were ordered back to join our Company, but they had moved up to check the Germans, where the French had let them through. The shells by this time were falling seven at a time and about ten feet apart. No chance at all to dodge them. Two of our men dropped. After wandering about for a while we found our company at the left of the Highlanders—what was left of it. The Major of our regiment had been hit, and so had Captain Knobley, and Captain Stacie had been killed.

"Only two of our company's officers were left, and how many men I was unable to find out. The gas up to the present time had nearly strangled and blinded us. Tears were streaming down our cheeks from its effects, but we stuck it out.

"On learning that four big guns had been captured by the Germans, our men attacked, and the guns were swung around and blazed shrapnel into them at about two hundred yards, causing them to turn and run like rabbits. We then retired to St. Julien du g ourselves in.

lls fell thick all night. No sleep and no eats. A party of six was sent back for ammunition. I was one. I managed to get into our billet and got some cigarettes that my mate's people had sent me, and also my water bottle, which had been forgotten in the first rush. Loaded up with ammunition, we made our way back to the trench.

"There was not much rifle fire the next day, but an ungodly shelling was kept up. We could see the enemy and our men attacking them on the far left. Many, many fell. The gas and the shelling were kept up with increasing force Friday night. Early Saturday morning it began to get almost more than we could bear. About four-thirty in the morning they came on in thousands. We waited until they were about a hundred yards away. Then hell did break loose.

"Our men mounted the parapet with fixed bayonets, and with the help of our machine guns gave them all they wanted. They turned and ran, then shelled for a while, and tried again about eight o'clock, but were met in the same way, falling back with heavy losses. About ten-thirty came their last attack, and it met with no better success than the first. Finally they gave it up and started in to shell us and kept at it until no one was left. By this time our officers were all gone, including the sergeants.

"Things had become worse when they succeeded in placing a machine gun in a farm house to one side. With the help of this they were able to work on us from the rear, but we soon pulled the front parapet down and built one at the back.

"About one o'clock their shells began to fall on the trench six or seven at a time, about six feet apart. Nearly all our men were either dead or wounded, when an order came down to work our way out from the right. There were about ten men in front of me, and four in back. The Germans happened to see us retiring, and shell after shell followed us up the trench. Listen to the tick of a watch and you will get an idea of the speed with which they came. I was about to crawl over the rear parapet when I heard a shell tearing through the air toward me. Looking up I could see the black speck, and I dived back into the trench just in time. It exploded only about five feet from me, a piece of the casing hitting me in the right arm and cutting straight across my back, missing the spine by a fraction of an inch. At the same time two of the men back of me were thrown on top of me, dead, followed by a pile of mud. I contrived to throw this off, and took off my overcoat and tunic (that is, what was left of them, for they were blown full of holes), pulled up my shirt and managed to put a bandage round my back to stop the flow of blood. Then I took out a couple of cigarettes to smoke while I lay waiting for death, for I did not then believe it possible I could get out alive.

"The cigarettes gone and I still living, I looked over the front parapet to see the enemy were coming up only some fifty yards away, firing like mad. Then for the first time I realized that unless I made some attempt to get away I would be bayonetted, for they kill the wounded and spare none.

"I started to crawl. Shots spit up the ground all around me for twenty yards. I made for some buildings, and once among these ruins I was able to make better time crawling.

"It was horrible. An arm here, a leg, then a head, then two halves of a body—Oh! I hate to think of it, for the picture is one one does not want to recall.

"On I went for nigh onto a half mile. Then I got to my feet and walked a mile to a field dressing station, where I was given first aid. The medicine made me faint, but I was brought to in a few minutes.

"As the shells were falling pretty thick I decided that after fighting with death for two miles I was not going to wait for him there. So I started to walk to Ypres, five miles away—a walk I shall not forget.

"At Ypres the big shells were falling thick. One had to keep dodging behind walls to escape flying bricks and pieces of shells. I went on through Ypres. Hundreds of houses shot to pieces was the sight that met one's eyes. Many children also had been killed.

"About three miles beyond Ypres I came to another dressing station. My back was then washed and dressed, and I was sent on down to Baileuille and spent the night there. Next day I was put aboard a train and sent to Boulogne and was there several days and then shipped to England. I am at present at the Duchess of Connaught's hospital on the Astor estate at Cliveden, near London. A more beautiful place I have never seen. Nobody could be kinder than the people here."

. . . . . .

This story of an American boy of ancient British strain, might have been told by many another Yankee soldier in the British ranks. It throws strange light on the German attitude of contempt for the British fighting quality, and the blunder that counted on support from public sentiment in the United States. The traditions and ideals that animate all who speak the English language are being realized in this war. Above the clouds a vision is forming, the vision of a vast empire

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Nobody

EVER BEEN IN LOVE? OF COURSE YOU HAVE. MAYBE WITH A FACE. A PERSONALITY OR A CHARACTER—BUT IT'S DIFFERENT TO BE IN LOVE WITH ONLY A VOICE. A LAUGHING, SOMETIMES SOBBING, ALWAYS TANTALIZING VOICE

By Sara Josephine Bayles

Illustrated by F. V. Williams

IN its niche in the tiny hallway, the telephone bell began to ring violently. It broke the dark silence of the place, and brought Miller, who was smoking in the dusk, out of his reverie with an angry start. He rose, half felt his way across the room toward the hall, and the light leaped out suddenly as he reached the electric button at the door.

The hall, like every other room in Miller's snug quarters, was furnished with every convenience, not excepting the inevitable telephone, whose bell was at the moment punishing itself with a deafening clatter. Miller took down the receiver and gazed meditatively at the wall-paper.

"Hello," he said.

"Is this —— East?"

"Yes."

"Is this Mr. William Lindlay Miller?"

"It is," said Miller, and his eyes lost their meditative stare. The voice was a woman's, and it was unusually sweet, with a soft magnetic quality that provoked an instant interest. At her next words Miller stiffened with surprise.

"It's really Billy! Billy Miller! Isn't it funny how easy it is to get you on the wire? Until now you've always seemed so far away—so absolutely unattainable." Miller frowned.

"Who is this?" he demanded sharply.

The voice rippled a little. "Of course you'd ask that, but I can't tell you because I'm no one you ever saw or even heard of. If we do unconventional things, we must be careful. Call me 'Nobody—Nobody of Nowhere'."

There was a silence. Miller said nothing, because he was trying to think of something non-committal and could not.

Then—"What are you doing?" said the voice, guardedly.

"Looking up the number of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum."

"Nonsense!" There was another ripple of laughter. "Is any one there with you?"

"Only a dog, but he's very intelligent. Would you care to speak to him?"

"No; I'm coming around. I shall be there in a few moments. Good-by."

There was an unmistakable click. Miller grasped the telephone excitedly.

"What!" he shouted: "Here, Central, don't cut me off. I want that party again. Be quick. You can't! Blame it, you—oh!"

Miller slammed the receiver into the rack. He sat down on a chair, and a brindled terrier came and sat in front of him, and thumped a stubby tail on the rug.

"Here's a mess," said Miller, with a wry smile. "Fritz, a lady is coming to see us—an anonymous and uninvited lady. But she had a pretty voice."

He went back into the smoking-room, where he straightened the magazines on the table and stacked the couch cushions in stiff man-fashion.

At eleven o'clock he threw all the cushions at the innocent Fritz, and cast himself upon the couch in disgust. The evening had been uneventful, and he could only conclude that some one had been trying to make a stupid and pointless joke. It was some comfort to remember that they had obtained very little satisfaction over the wire.

On the third day after, which was a Sunday, Lokari, Miller's Japanese, woke him from his morning doze with a summons to the telephone. Miller went in his bathrobe, yawning.

"Hello," he said, crossly.

"Good morning, Billy."

Billy jumped.

"Of course you won't recognize me."

"I believe I've heard your voice once before."

"Oh, that is nice of you to remember. One's mind is often cloudy on Sunday morning, too. What do you think?"

"I believe you're a woman, so I'd best not tell you what I think," said Billy. "I suppose all this is some kind of a joke on me."

Then the voice suddenly became so troubled, so earnest and so eloquent that Billy leaned, with a quickened pulse, nearer the instrument.

"Oh, please don't think that," it pleaded. "If there is any joke about this, it is all on me and it's a very miserable joke at best. I can't tell you what it is, and please don't try to guess. Did you wait for me the other night?"

"I was home all the evening," said Billy, cautiously.

"And who came?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody at all."

There was a pause. "I said I was nobody," reminded the voice, gently.

Billy hung up with a slam and went back to bed. He tried to sleep, but could not. "I said I was nobody," repeated the voice, insistently. "Stuff!" growled Billy, and turned on his other side.

This was the beginning of Billy Miller's courtship—a siege laid to his heart by an intangible, bodiless voice that said the most amazing things, and then clicked off into silence. It rang up every two or three days, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and very often in Billy's absence, as Lokari could have testified.

At first Billy was annoyed, later he became resigned, and then interested, so that at last he found himself listening eagerly for the telephone bell, and he cursed certain male friends who called him up and aroused vain expectations. He had relinquished the joke theory. It did not seem probable that any one would persist in a joke for six weeks, when there was no satisfaction to be gained. The owner of the voice told him that she had wanted to know him and could find no other way. Billy began to believe her, but he was not a vain man, and wondered. He knew that these things happened to matinee idols and popular concert pianists, but he had never been anything more noted than the captain of a college football team four years before. There was no reason why a woman should seek him out with such a blatantly flattering statement. He felt the force of the flattery, though he succumbed less to that than to the personality in the soft feminine voice.

At the end of three months Billy was in love. It was maddening to make love to an inanimate instrument of wood and metal, and he rebelled fiercely. During some thirty odd telephonic interviews he had discovered nothing concerning the unknown but that she had cared enough for him to make him care ten times as much for her. At this stage in the affair he began to realize, in a measure, his utter helplessness. The girl held every trump and the key to the whole situation, which was her own identity. She guarded that with the utmost care, and Billy did not succeed in gaining the smallest clue. Sometimes he wrestled wordily with "Central," and found that her call had come from one of the hotels on the avenue, or a public telephone in one of the department stores, but this

BILLY WATCHED THE GIRL, SAW HER HESITATE AND THEN CROSS THE LOBBY

knowledge did not help him at all. He felt that his position was ludicrous. She knew how he looked, knew where he lived, knew everything about him. He knew her voice—and that was all. He grew nervous and restless. He often flushed and started when a woman touched him in a crowd or when he met the eyes of some girl passing along the street.

"I saw you to-day," she told him once as he stood glaring helplessly into the receiver. "You came out of your club and drove south in a cab. It was about four o'clock."

"Just about that," said Billy, with a miserable laugh. "Where were you?"

"Crossing the avenue half a block above."

"Will you be there to-morrow at the same hour?"

She gave the negative he expected: "You know I can't."

"I know you won't," he said bitterly.

Their interviews had of late lost the more impersonal tone that had existed in the beginning. There had been a time when the theatres, current events and even the weather had furnished a topic for conversation. Billy put such subjects aside now with angry impatience. He argued hotly for his rights, and at times there was something that sounded like tears in the voice at the other end of the wire. Then the affair came to a crisis suddenly one day in mid-summer, almost a year after that first night when Billy had waited in vain for his unknown guest.

She had laughingly reproached him for not recognizing her in passing.

"It was on Main," she said. "The girl was very pretty."

"What girl?"

"The girl with whom you were walking."

"My cousin," said Billy, bluntly.

"She was too pretty for a cousin. I hated her." The voice lost its softness and rang a little hard.

"I hate her, too—at times. I hate everybody these days because they're everywhere and you're nowhere."

"Of course; because I'm nobody—Nobody of Nowhere."

"Will you ever be Somebody of Somewhere?"

"No, never."

"Do you mean that"? he asked, earnestly.

"Every letter of it, so please don't argue."

"I can't," he said, hopelessly. "You're too unreasonable and illogical."

"I'm not trying to be logical. I'm following my own instincts. I'll try to explain those, but you won't understand, because you're a man. Five years ago, when you were in college, I saw you for the first time. Some one told me your name and—and things about you. After that I saw you a number of times, in different places. I wanted to know you, but I couldn't think of any way until one night this wicked old telephone tempted me. I was afraid at first and I thought and thought, and considered just what chance there was of my ever meeting you in the natural course of events. I decided that there was about one chance in a hundred, so I rang up your phone number and forfeited that chance. But ringing you up was an admission and I can't deny what it implied. Oh, Billy, can't you understand? I've made advances which only a man can make with any decency, and considering everything, I shall never, never meet you face to face and say: 'This is I'."

"You will," said Billy suddenly. "You'll meet me to-morrow at Dawson's Art Galleries."

"Not to-morrow or ever."

"I have something to tell you."

"You must tell everything over the wire. I can't meet you."

"Very well. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Then it's just this: You'll have to consider me some in this affair. Perhaps you never anticipated the present situation. You saw me; and you cared enough for what you saw to make advances which, as you say, no girl should make. Well, I've only heard you; but I care enough now to be ready, as soon as you will let me, to make the most serious advances a man can make. Do you understand?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then I'll put it plainer. I've seen hundreds of girls, but I never wished to marry them. It's only since I've talked to you that I've cared to think what marriage might mean. I don't know who you are, where you are or what you are, but I'm staking everything on what I believe you to be. Now, will you meet me to-morrow?"

"I can't," said the voice, faintly.

"To-morrow," repeated Billy.

"I can't—I can't."

"You must," he cried, striking the phone passionately.

"Dear Billy, no, no, no." There was something that sounded like a sob and then silence. Billy dashed the receiver at the instrument in helpless rage.

"Curse the foul fiend that ever invented this thing," he choked. "I'll break it to pieces. I'll have it taken out. I—I—here, get out of there," and he turned suddenly and kicked the howling Fritz into the bedroom.

Billy's nerves were, for the moment, beyond his control. He pulled himself together with an effort, put on his coat and hat, and went out into the street. But at every step he felt that those unknown eyes might be following him, and once, when a girl looked at him overlong, he turned and half spoke.

The following afternoon he went to Dawson's Galleries. Why he went he could not have told, except that he was moved as the drowning man is moved to grasp a straw. There he saw a girl in a big black hat, whose glance was softly impersonal. Billy looked at her and wondered. There was another woman who returned boldly his bright, questioning gaze—a tall, lean person with prominent eyes, and Billy shuddered as he turned away.

"She can't be like that," he protested, inwardly. "It isn't possible," and he thrilled suddenly at the memory of the voice with the sob in it. "Dear Billy, no, no, no." "I'd stake my life on that voice," he thought, and looked again at the girl in the black hat. Suddenly he threw back his head and walked across to where she stood, before a large painting. He leaned forward and looked keenly into her face.

"So you came, after all," he said.

The girl retreated in genuine surprise. There was nothing in her clear brown eyes but startled displeasure.

"You're mistaken, I think," she said, and turned her shoulder upon him.

Billy muttered an apology as he walked away. He left the gallery with hot cheeks.

"It wasn't her voice," he told himself, "and I'll never try that again."

Late that night he left his club, where he had dined and spent the evening at cards. The mission clock in his hall struck twelve as he closed his own door and hung his coat and hat upon the rack. His eye fell upon the telephone book lying on a table under the instrument, and the sight of it brought back all his trouble with a rush. He took it up, ruffling thin closely lettered pages with an unhappy frown.

"I'd call up every number in the book, if it would do any good," he said, thoughtfully, and was about to put it down again when the bell began to vibrate close to his ear. He reached quickly for the receiver. He thought it too late to be she, but her voice came over the wire, clear and eager, and his face softened visibly.

"Billy!"

"Hello! I didn't suppose it could be you so late."

"I know it must be midnight, but I—I wanted to speak to you."

"I wish you'd want to do something more than speak. I went to Dawson's this afternoon. Were you there?"

"No."

"I believe you're the cruelest girl in the world."

"Oh, no; I never meant to be cruel. I've been thinking things over ever since our talk last evening."

"Are you going to meet me?"

"No; I rang up to say good-by."

"What?"

"Good-by, with a capital G, Billy—ofr always."

,'Without my ever knowing anything more about you?"

"I can't help it. I'm sorry—sorry, that I ever called you up. I never thought that you'd take me seriously like this. But after what you said last night, we can't go on."

"But you can't end it now after a whole year of—of——"

"Of what? Of nothing at all. You don't care for a mere voice. You'll soon forget all of it."

"I won't," he cried, savagely. "It isn't your voice I love. I know your whole personality. I can tell when you're sad or happy, or sick or well. You care, too. You said so. But if you ring off for always now I'll believe forever that you did this for a vile joke or a vulgar bet."

"You can't think that," she said, gently, "when you remember some of the things I have said."

"Then I'll forget them."

"Very well; I suppose that is best. Be a man and say 'good-by,' Billy."

"No."

"Good-by."

"I'll find you if I have to dig up every paving stone in this blasted town."

"Good-by."

"I tell you I won't say 'good-by.' "

There was no answer. He leaned tensely against the telephone, listening.

"Dear," he cried, suddenly.

Only the whirring of the wires sounded in his ears. He stood erect and hung up the receiver, with a white face. In the small dark smoking room he began to pace the rug with nervous steps. He could not believe that she had rung off for the last time, yet he felt a chill fear that she had really done so. He flung himself upon the couch by the window, and looked down upon the countless roof tops below, and the thousands of lights twinkling far up and down the river.

. . . . . .

Billy Miller was courted no more over the telephone. The clear, girlish voice that had been a friend to him for so long departed as mysteriously as it had come. Three weeks passed, and to Billy each week was an eternity in which his soul hungered for the vibrations of a small bell. Socially, he was much in demand. He went to the theatres, to dinners, to receptions, and everywhere his bright dark eyes searched a sea of strange faces, and he returned home dissatisfied and perplexed.

One afternoon, he stood in the lobby of one of the big hotels, where he had come to meet a friend. He leaned against a pillar, looking idly up the wide marble staircase. It was late in the afternoon, and the place was thronged with richly dressed men and women continually passing from parlors to tea-room, and from the tea-room to the entrance doors.

A slender figure came down the staircase, and paused at the bottom—the figure of a graceful, well-gowned girl, whose eyes, shining luminous through her heavy white veil, rested upon Billy. He saw her hesitate a moment, then, with a fluttering gesture she crossed the lobby, passing so close that she touched his hand. Billy's fingers closed over something. He opened them and discovered a square of white pasteboard, engraved in letters that flashed a woman's name upon his consciousness. It was not a name that he had ever known, but he felt that every drop of blood in his body rushed to his head at sight of the single word written across in pencil—"Nobody."

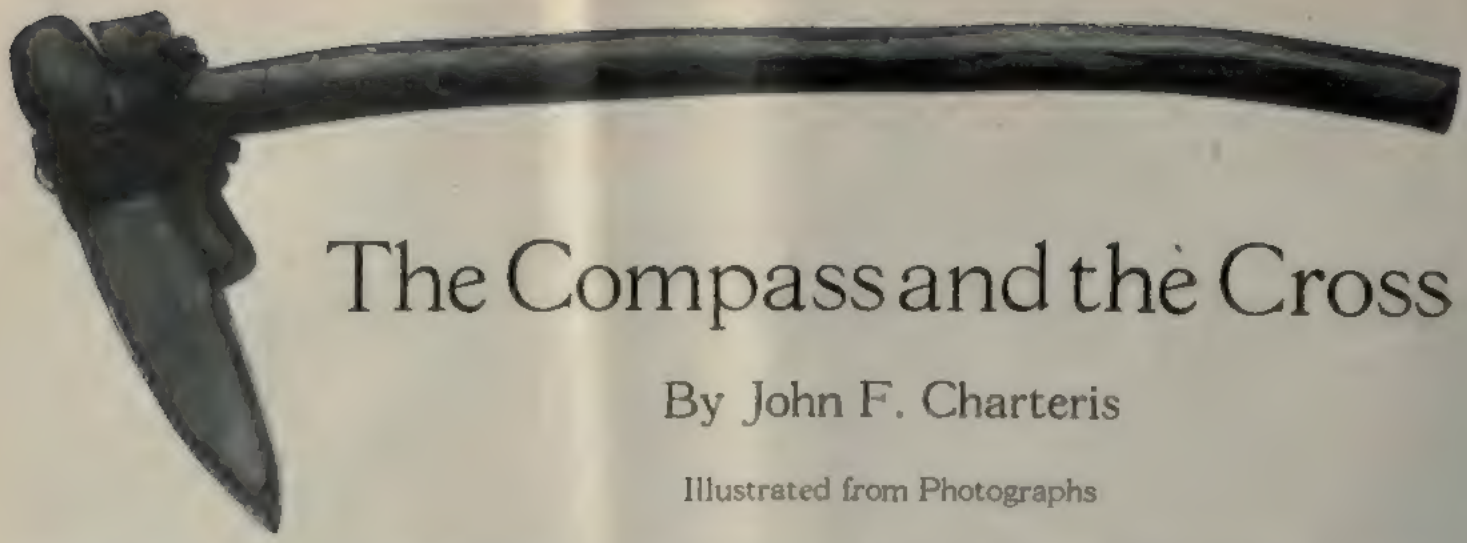
He made a rush for the revolving doors through which she had gone. The attendant reeled aside as he flung himself against the brass bar and it yielded, precipitating him down the steps.

An electric hansom stood against the curb. A girl, who had just entered it, leaned forward with a slight inclination of her head. He stepped in beside her, the doors closed, and the cab started forward in the crush of moving vehicles.

For a moment Billy sat motionless, while the lights along the avenue blurred red before his eyes. His heart beat fast and he heard the girl beside him catch her breath with a nervous sob. He twisted abruptly, caught both her hands in one of his and, leaning forward, raised her veil. The electric light fell full on her wide, pleading eyes and trembling lips. With a low, satisfied laugh he leaned nearer.

"Thank God, you can't ring off," he said.

"FRITZ, AN ANONYMOUS LADY IS COMING TO SEE US—AN UNINVITED LADY; BUT SHE HAD A PRETTY VOICE"



The Compass and the Cross

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated from Photographs

ONCE upon a time in the far-gone days of powdered wigs and piety and patches, the continent of North America belonged to a woman. And she wasn't a queen, nor an empress, neither was she the Youngest Princess in the fairy tale you think I'm telling you.

She was just a lady in waiting at the court of Louis XIII. and her name was Madame de Guercheville.

Of course she was beautiful. Otherwise she wouldn't have received even a county town. What you don't expect me to say, but what is nevertheless the truth, is that nobody in all the court ever denied that she was as good as she was fair. The beads of her rosary were more precious to her than the King's crown jewels would have been, and the one desire of the loving little heart that fluttered so passionately behind her big Spanish fan, was the conversion of heretics and heathen and humans generally, to the creed so ardently preached by her friends the Jesuits.

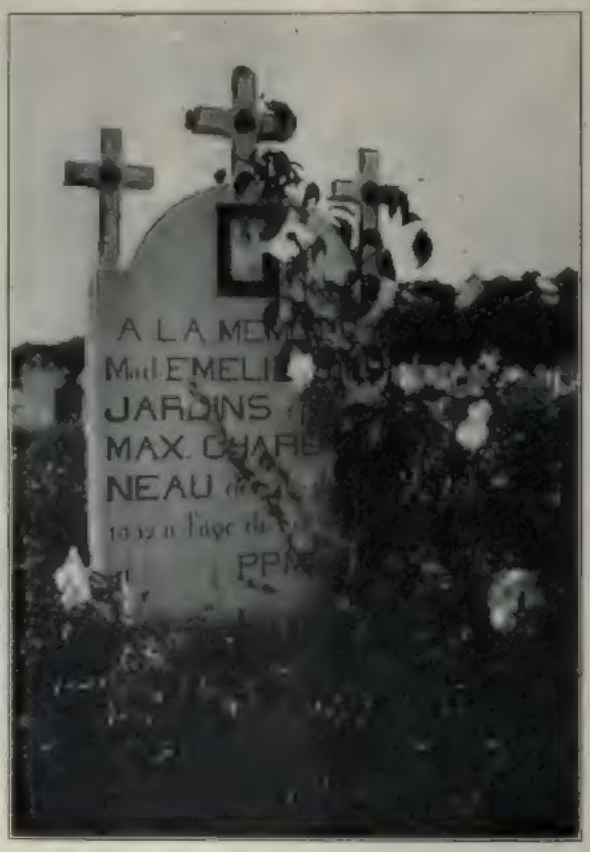
To begin with, this rosy-fingered religionist had listened in awe and delight to the tales of Poutrincourt and the young Biencourt as they told of Acadia (now Nova Scotia), that wonderland of soft light, full forest, sounding waters and friendly red men, that France had so carelessly annexed and so causelessly forgotten, behind the grey mists of the Atlantic.

The venture was one of conquest, military, financial and religious, the latter aspect represented by Champlain, that intrepid warrior with his lace ruffles and his long vision and his love of souls. But alas, Huguenot heretics of St. Malo held stock in the settlement at Port Royal, and how could one expect *la sainte Vierge* to bless the labors of the good Father La Flèche and his associates under such circumstances?

So the little lady who loved souls, counted her coins, sold part of her jewels and bought out the St. Malo merchants, turning over her interests to the Jesuits in order that the conversion of the old Chief Membertou might be followed up with other and more far-reaching conquests.

In process of time the King heard of the self-denial of his young subject and, since it cost him nothing but pen and ink to be gracious, in 1612 he gave her, with much flourish, no less a grant than the whole territory of America from Florida to the North Pole! The Dutch trading post on the Hudson and the little English settlements at Jamestown in Virginia and Pemaquid in Maine were carelessly included—a fact of which they rested in happy ignorance. The only reason Louis didn't add South America like a gay pendant swung to the bottom of his gift, was because he didn't know it was there!

The following spring saw the black robed deputies of Madame reach La Hêve where they erected a cross bearing the scutcheon of their liege lady; and the long era of white-hot devotion, of fearless unbelievable missionary effort, of wars between the fierce Iroquois and the pliant Huron, was begun.



TO-DAY THE INFLUENCE OF THE LITTLE LADY WHO LOVED SOULS IS MARKED BY MANY WHITE STONES

And all the tender, wonderful stories of it centre around a town that was to be built thirty years later, the crown and epitomizing of the faith and sorrows of pious France. The child of an uncalculating devotion that yet saw clearly enough to select the natural vortex of the great currents of trade later to be set flowing through Canada, Montreal was from the first destined to a fate apart, glorious, unescapeable.

The first glimpse we have of the city occurred three-quarters of a century before the little lady in waiting owned its site-to-be.

Jacques Cartier, that bluff mariner of uncertain morals, had sailed up the vast river St. Lawrence to the lovely island, guarded by a mountain, in whose green depths lay the village of Hochelaga, a Huron town of half a hundred big bark houses, each a hundred and fifty feet long by forty or forty five feet in width. Down the the streets of this

peaceful settlement he had walked, surrounded by dancing and adoring Indians who displayed their maize fields, their mountain fastnesses, their homes and their little ones with childlike faith in their wonderful White Brother, who returned their kindness by capturing five of the chiefs and carrying them away to France. Needless to say, the neighborhood of Montreal-to-be was no longer healthy for Cartier who, in his subsequent voyage, remained down-river at Quebec.

When Champlain came to Canada in 1603, the future Dominion entertained an angel, not altogether unawares. Champlain's was a restless and a romantic spirit; intrepid, devout, cultured, humane. Visions of flowery Cathay, sure to be found if one sailed westward far enough, vied in his mind with the sight of the unchristianized red man, at his own rough-hewn doorstep. Leaving his friend De Monts in Acadia, with his "mingled company of thieves and gentlemen," Champlain pushed on to Quebec. There he planted a palisade, a battery, a garden, and love in the souls of all who met him. After which he paddled still further into the magic west till he saw the site of Hochelaga. The green town had been swept from the earth in one of the sudden devastating raids of some hostile tribe, but Champlain saw the wonder, the beauty and the strategic value of the situation, and, prophetwise, dreamed of Montreal-to-be

But those were the days of the fur trade, when the Indian parted with his beaver skins for beads and rifles if he were sober, and for nothing at all if he had looked upon the brandy, so alluring to his savage taste and so perilous to his unseasoned head. Champlain tried to regulate and legislate, but the trader was deaf to the law and blind to the Cross, and in one year twenty thousand beaver skins were sent over to France and heaven alone knows how many crazed Indians set out on a longer and more fateful journey.

Meantime, Madame de Guercheville's blackrobed legatees, who by this time had reached Canada in considerable numbers, were making the most of their opportunities where the trader had not corrupted the savage in advance of them, and the tale of their missions to the Hurons blazes with unforgettable glory, brightest when Iroquois conquest quenched the work of years in the heroic blood of its founders.

In such times, Maisonneuve, a pious and gallant gentleman of Champagne, sailed from France with three ships and half a hundred settlers to found a new town, a consecrated, holy-named city, the dream of Champlain and of Madame de Guercheville alike, that should rise where green Hochelaga stood, and undo if possible all the hard lessons taught the savages by French rum and roguery.

De Montmagny, the prudent governor of Quebec, cautioned delay.

"But no!" cried Maisonneuve, "to Ville Marie (Montreal) I will go though every tree on the Island were an Iroquois!"

And in that spirit the site was dedicated on October 14th, 1641, although it was too late in the season to build, and the colonists were forced to winter at Quebec.

The first buds saw the religionists at work. Palisades were put up, a hospital was erected with the money given by Madame de Bullion, a pious widow of France; and Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, an intrepid young religious of Troyes was placed in charge.

Pere Barthelemy Vimont who had consecrated the ground by a solemn mass, told everyone that the new town was in reality but a grain of mustard seed, but so pious and so full of faith were the hands that had sown it, that doubtless heaven had great designs and foresaw a vast tree to grow in the shadow of the green mountain. And who can say that the tonsure was not then encircling the head of a prophet, when we realize that the present Montreal with its more than 600,000 inhabitants, is a city far larger than the huddled, historic Paris of Vimont's day?

But just as still, birchbarked Hochelaga had waited for Cartier; just as the lonely mountain where it had once stood had appealed to the eyes of Champlain on the sunset river and to the heart of Madame de Guercheville looking westward from the gay court; just as Ville Marie had finally been consecrated, built, gloried in and died for, so history was preparing another site for another wondertown, far to the west.

The obsession of a passage to Cathay had not died with Champlain's attempts to ascend the Ottawa, and while Adam Daulac and his heroic sixteen Frenchmen held the Long Sault Rapids against seven hundred Iroquois invaders, for the protection of the three thousand whites who made up the total population of New France, Nicollet was paddling westward through the Strait of Michilimachinac, wearing his mandarin robe blessed by the Father at Montreal who fully expected him to return with merchandise of China piled about him. Nicholas Perrot too, a skilled and daring explorer, went commissioned by the Governor of New France to call all the western tribes to a conference, the better to carry on trade, exploration, conversion and other activities centering at Quebec and Montreal.

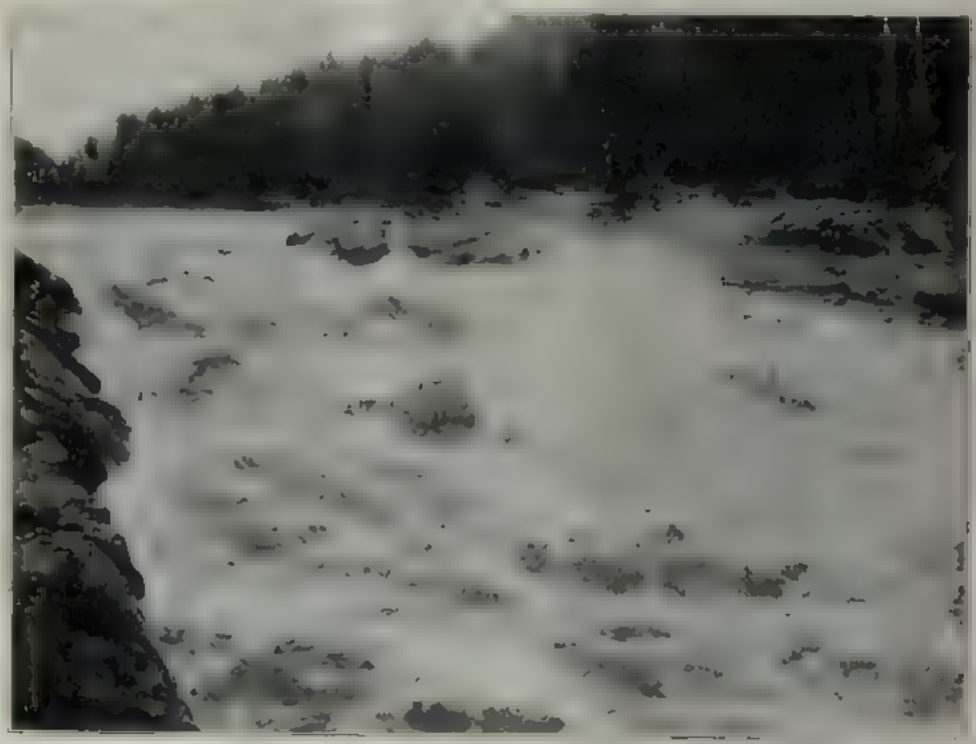
It was while on this mission that Perrot camped overnight at the head village of the Miami tribe on Lake Michigan and sailed away again in the pearl-dawn, ignorant that he could have written "Chicago" in his diary if he had only lived a few hundred years later.

THE SPIRIT OF CHAMPLAIN AND THE OLD ORDER STILL HOVERS ABOUT THE MONASTERIES OF THE NEW WORLD

On his return to civilization, Joliet the merchant explorer and the untiring and unterrified priest, Father Marquette, were commissioned to seek out the mighty river Méchasebé or Mississippi of whose existence the Indians had told Perrot

They too pushed their intrepid canoes down the shingle of the St Lawrence and paddled tirelessly up the reaches of the great Ottawa, according to the route adopted by the Hurons, who used this river and a tributary, made a short portage, crossed a little lake, and thus found an easy passage to Georgian Bay. Terror of the Iroquois to the south had prevented their exploring Lake Ontario and of the very existence of Lake Erie they knew nothing.

From the eastern end of Georgian Bay to Sault Ste Marie used to take the Indian braves seventeen days of paddling, hugging the grim shores where tradition assured them their more civilized forefathers had mined copper far in the earth. To-day, the swift Canadian Pacific steamers do the trip in nineteen hours of such smooth travelling that the tired old priest who formerly took passage with the red men, would sleep through the whole trip without turning over to say a rosary, if only he could be transported back through the year to feel the wonder of it.



DOWN SUCH HAZARDOUS STREAMS DID THE INTREPID EXPLORERS PUSH THEIR CANOES

In the neck of the Strait that joins mighty Huron to mightier Michigan the forest-clad island of Michilimachinac floats between still lake and stiller sky. Here, the guides told the awed Frenchmen, the great Dancing Spirits make their home, sallying forth in the hushed dawn. Could they have seen one of our modern ore freighters sea-serpenting its way across the dim vistas, carrying mayhap a million dollars' worth of that copper of which eight hundred similarly-bound vessels bear half the world's supply, they would have credited the Hurons' tale above the miracle they would have thought of as taking place in their own eyeballs

As it began to chill for the winter of 1674-5, after a fruitless trip down the Father of Waters, the little band of Frenchmen and Indian drew in to the hospitable Miami shore once more, where the braves still remembered Perrot. The wonderful old priest stretched his cramped limbs with his friend Joliet and together they wended their way along the banks of the Portage River—now the Chicago—which flowed into Lake Michigan five blocks south of where it does to-day, at about the point now occupied by the Art Institute. The two Frenchmen, however, had to trust to their eyes for the finish of its course, for the land for many a rod was dreary marsh which no one would dream of reclaiming for hundreds of years to come.

During the long winter, Marquette lived in a trader's hut at Chicago, only to pass out with the ice-floes, into some gentle spring beyond the ken of the Indians who loved him.

"He is gone," they said, "but his spirit is still with us."

And many a time, forgetful of the theology of the man they adored, they would invoke the spirit of Marquette to still the mad storms of the Lakes he had so fearlessly travelled, crucifix in hand

And now the rose-light of romance once more rises among the church tapers, and the young La Salle gallops on to the stage of New France, which by this time extended to the head of Lake Superior and the foot of Lake Michigan

Leaving Montreal, which represented to him the palisaded comfort of the effete east, he paddled away into the wilderness, lived among the Indians for the sheer love of daring and what-next-ness, discovered the Ohio River while on a search for the still unfindable Cathay, came home to found a settlement on the west end of Montreal Island, restlessly turned from it to tear down Fort Frontenac (now Kingston), and erect a stronger in its place, and finally, in 1679, built the *Griffin* in which he and his lieutenant Tonti sailed away to write their names below Marquette's in the birchbark equivalent of a visitors', book that the Miamis kept for the Chicago of the future. In undertaking this trip La Salle became the father of all the immense Great Lakes navigation system of to-day. The Soo, then a mission founded by Marquette, now takes its place ahead of Suez as a port of call for the world's trade that passes through its locks to the value of seven hundred million dollars a year

The *Griffin* carried furs on her return trip, but to-day grain, to the tune of seventy million bushels a year, most of it under the British flag, heads the cargo list, with lumber, iron ore, and coal crowding in behind. A ten thousand ton leviathan of the Great Lakes can be built to-day almost as quickly as carpenters can put up an eight-roomed house, the record time being fifty three days from keel-laying to launching. It has been estimated that this Lake traffic saves each citizen of the United States, some six dollars a year.

But to the mind of La Salle, the importance of Chicago, of Montreal, of the Lakes themselves, rested largely in their relation to beaver skins. Under the protection of his friend Governor Frontenac, the energetic trader monopolized the industry. A beaver skin was worth about ten dollars to the Frenchman. He would give a gun for ten skins, a pound of powder for two skins and eight pounds of shot for the same. An axe, six knives, a pound of glass beads, a pound of tobacco, could each be secured for a single skin, while a comb and a looking

Continued on page 249.

Opening a New Account

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY FOR A MAN TO PLAY THE GAME AND AT THE SAME TIME HOLD HIS JOB

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

THE rickety old barn with a tobacco advertisement on it was a milestone to Mr. Teescroft. He knew at once that the next stop would be St. Luke's Crossing. Yet, as a matter of fact, his mind was not on his surroundings; it was on a letter in his pocket. He did not even need to read it over again to know what was in it; he had it by heart.

"If you cannot do business with Hicks of the Red Store now that Moore & Webster are making a change in their representative in your territory, you will please report here the end of the week, bringing your samples with you."

Mr. Teescroft sighed. He felt a little old

It had been a full year since he had last dropped off at the Crossing. He had no one there to call on except Hicks and he had rather given up hope of ever getting his goods into the Red Store. But recently, Hicks had written the house for some information; this time, there seemed to be a fighting chance. Mr. Teescroft wondered vaguely who his new competitor was to be.

"Hullo, Teesy; getting off here?" boomed a voice behind him.

Mr. Teescroft turned to confront Big Larry Donovan.

"You bet," he said. He was not fond of Big Larry.

He paused on the depot platform to speak to a friend and then followed Big Larry to the hotel. Watching Larry half a block ahead, he was speculating as to why he did not like him.

Deep in his psychological study, it was not until he had almost bumped into him that Mr. Teescroft saw he had come up with Larry himself, and that that genial soul was deep in conversation with a lady. Big Larry was a ladies' man. Mr. Teescroft bowed in his own peculiar, stilted fashion and, although he was in no haste, hurried past.

"Why, it's Mr. Teescroft," said the lady, suddenly.

Mr. Teescroft stopped and regarded her doubtfully. Larry laughed.

"He doesn't know you, Jenny."

"Bless my soul," responded Mr. Teescroft questioningly, "it isn't Jenny Hicks, is it?"

"Have I grown as ugly as all that?" asked Miss Jenny, demurely.

"I—you—," stuttered Mr. Teescroft. "You were only a little girl a year ago, you know. And now you're clean grown up."

"She's some chicken, all right, all right," agreed Mr. Donovan in no uncertain tones, whereat Jenny smiled upon him for the compliment.

Mr. Teescroft thought the expression rather vulgar. "How's your pa?" he asked, leading the conversation toward more decorous ground.

Assuring him that her father enjoyed the best of health, Jenny offered to accompany him to the Red Store. Mr. Teescroft unhesitatingly accepted.

"Jenny, just you watch Teesey," admonished Larry, in mock disgust. "He's a regular lady-killer." He lifted his hat and turned down a side street.

"See you later," he called back.

The idea of Mr. Teescroft being a lady-killer was so obviously absurd that even he himself could see it.

"You're not a flirt, are you?" asked Jenny, gravely, as they walked on.

"Of course not." Mr. Teescroft felt his reply was very feeble. He felt certain Big Larry would have had a more appropriate piece of repartee to offer.

The walk to the Red Store was rather silent. Inwardly, Mr. Teescroft fumed at his lack of conversational abilities. A year ago, Jenny had been merely a little girl in pigtails. He recollected he had given her a bag of chocolates. Now, her hair was in a "bun" and her skirt reached her boot tops. She had grown into Miss Jenny. Mr. Teescroft could not find anything to talk about that seemed to fit the altered situation.

They turned into Main Street in time to see Big Larry hurrying into the Red Store. He had evidently gone up a parallel street.

"Larry doesn't sell you father anything, does he?" asked Mr. Teescroft, in surprise.

"Only since he's been working for Moore & Webster," said Jenny, without interest.

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Teescroft. He quickened his pace. He recognized that Larry had stolen a march on him.

In the Red Store, Larry had Mr. Hicks back in the private office. Mr. Hicks was lighting one of Big Larry's perfectos and Larry had his order pad spread out. The etiquette of the road demanded Mr. Teescroft should not interrupt. But it did not demand that he should go out immediately. He was privileged to stand around long enough for the proprietor to see him. With his job in the balance, it was quite essential to Mr. Teescroft that Mr. Hicks should see him.

Trivial details, however, have sometimes swayed destiny. Standing as Mr. Teescroft and Jenny were, with their backs to the window, her father could not see who they were. He came forward with his best customers' smile.

Then he saw who it was. "Oh!" he grunted shortly in mild disgust. "Nothin' doin'. I've placed my order."

"But you wrote our house," urged Mr. Teescroft, searching for the letter. "Now, maybe when you're not so busy—" He was trying to save the day.

"Nothin' doin'—nothin' doin', young feller." Mr. Hicks was on the point of turning his back when he noticed Jenny. "Hey, you kid, ain't I told you you ain't to have nothin' to do with them drummers. Now, you hike upstairs an' stay there."

Jenny tossed her head but made for the stair. Mr. Teescroft was overcome by the insult. She was already as far as the cheese counter before he could find words.

"But, Mr. Hicks," he ejaculated at last, "Miss Jenny—"

"Miss Jenny!" Mr. Hicks shot the words out with the accent heavily on the 'Miss.'

"Yes," stammered Mr. Teescroft. "I—we—Mr. Hicks—"

Mr. Hicks had been regarding Jenny. She really was growing up. He advanced threateningly.

"You get out o' here," he ordered. "An' stay out. I don't do no buyin' from the likes o' you." He aimed a violent kick at Mr. Teescroft's sample case. The tip of Jenny's nose through a crack in the stair door caught his eye. "Hey, didn't I tell you to get on upstairs?"

Poor Mr. Teescroft was hardly what might be called a valiant man. Moreover, it was never a paying proposition to quarrel with a customer; the customer is always right. Making discretion the better part of valor, he walked out. Mr. Hicks grumbled to himself at the gay Lotharios who infested the road. Larry, pencil poised, remained discreetly silent.

Despite his apparent composure, Mr. Teescroft was far from composed. There had been just enough go wrong lately to irritate his firm. They would certainly decapitate him as surely as they had written it. Out of a job! Mr. Teescroft shuddered. He was not as young as he had been.

It was supper time before Larry Donovan joined him at the hotel. Big Larry was frankly sympathetic.

"He hates to see Jenny talking to any of the boys on the road, Teesy," he condoled; "but he should have told you. He forgot you didn't know. Jenny and I are some friendly, too; but you bet I wouldn't walk into the Red Store with her. It 'ud hurt business."

"It's no matter," said Mr Teescroft. He wondered how deliberately Larry had planned it.

"Of course, it's all right as long as he doesn't catch you," Larry voiced his opinion, a point of view with which Mr. Teescroft's Presbyterian morals did not entirely agree, though he left the statement unanswered.

After supper, Mr. Teescroft wandered idly out on the hotel veranda. Through the open window over his shoulder, he could see Big Larry preparing his mail. Mr. Teescroft sighed; he had no order to write. He wondered if he might not just as well go in himself. He decided he would see it through and work right up to the last minute. He would at least go down with flying colors

"I say, Teesy!" Larry's voice floated out through the window along with a flood of grey cigar smoke. "What are you going to do to-night?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"What do you say if we take a run down to the lake?"

"Well—" began Mr. Teescroft, doubtfully

"Well, what?"

"Sure; I'll go," interposed Mr. Teescroft, hastily. "Sure!"

All right; just a second while I finish my mail."

Mr. Teescroft was not fond of the lake. He had only been down there once—a year ago—but the impression he had received had not made him enthusiastic about going again. It was not the lake that Mr. Teescroft disliked; it was the crowd that went there he found so objectionable. He did not care for that class. The management of the inter-urban railway which ran from the city, through the Crossing and to the beach, in pursuit of the elusive dividend, had built a big Casino dance hall and it was mildly hinted the place was wide open.

It was dusk when they arrived. The car had been crowded and, as he started up the boardwalk, Mr. Teescroft felt warm

"O you," laughed a voice at his elbow.

Mr. Teescroft turned. The girl returned his gaze with a look of scarcely veiled boldness. She was pretty. Larry laughed.

"Chicken!" he chuckled. "Didn't I say you were a lady-killer?"

"Er—yes," replied Mr. Teescroft. Then, in a sudden burst of repartee, he added: "She won't be a very reliable hen, though," whereupon Larry laughed again.

"Dance?" asked Larry. He was buying his ticket

Mr. Teescroft shook his head

"Well, you can sit outside and smoke and watch through the windows."

"I don't smoke," corrected Mr. Teescroft

"HE HADN'T OUGHT TO BRING A KID LIKE THAT HERE," THE WOMAN WAS SAYING

"That won't prevent you watching anyhow." Larry laughed and the man behind him at the wicket laughed with him.

"Hasn't the old sport got any vices at all?" asked the ticket seller.

"No petty ones," Larry flippantly assured him.

Mr. Teescroft walked around the broad veranda and seated himself near the steps that led down to the promenade along the water front. From here, he could watch the dance floor. If the truth must be told, he felt just the shadow of a regret that he did not dance. After all, it is an innocent diversion. Yet, after he had inspected the class of women on the floor, he was not so sure of its extreme innocence.

Between dances the crowd surged out through the doorway near him. Now and then, some girl, dropped by her escort as they came out, would find a seat near Mr. Teescroft. Occasionally he received a half tentative smile. Under such circumstances, he remained very impassive. It was not that he would have refused to smile back—for what harm is there in a mere smile—but at such moments, try as he might, he simply lost the power to make the muscles of his face coordinate.

It struck Mr. Teescroft that the back of the man who had just walked down the steps was vaguely familiar. It looked just a little like Hicks of the Red Store. Still, that was unlikely. He dismissed the idea as absurd.

"Duckey, I'm most a regular Sahara desert," complained a voice at his elbow. "How'd you like to set 'em up?"

There was no mistaking her class. Even Mr. Teescroft recognized it.

"Sure," he assented, after a barely perceptible hesitation. "Shall we go in?"

If the dance hall held a mixed crowd, the refreshment room seemed to hold only one. His companion ordered a rickey; Mr. Teescroft called for a lemonade.

"Sticking to the soft stuff?"

Mr. Teescroft smiled. "I have a friend with me and it's my turn to see we get home all right." For him, the banter was extraordinarily playful.

"Of course you're kidding." She looked at him narrowly. "I've noticed you half a dozen times this evening. You don't kick in. What did you come for?"

"I'm blest if I know." He admitted it very candidly.

"Do you like it?"

Mr. Teescroft shook his head. "Do you?" He tinkled the spoon against his lemonade glass.

The woman laughed. Mr. Teescroft did not smile in reply. He leaned across the table and repeated the question. "Really," he insisted; "really, I mean."

She laughed again, but her mirth was forced. "You're a funny one," she commented. "Say, ain't that a damn shame?" She was pointing across the room and Mr. Teescroft's eye followed her finger.

Seated in the far corner of the room was Big Larry Donovan—and with him was Jenny Hicks!

They had not noticed Mr. Teescroft. Two cocktails stood on the table between them. Mr. Teescroft felt ill. Why, only a year before, he had been taking her candies in a paper bag. It was nauseating.

"BUT YOU WROTE OUR HOUSE" CRIED MR. TEESCROFT TRYING TO SAVE THE DAY "NOW MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE NOT SO BUSY —"

"He hadn't ought to bring a kid like that here," the woman was saying. "Why, she ain't had on long skirts more 'n six months. I want to tell you, them's the kind of fellows what puts a girl on the bum."

"I—I fancy you are quite right." Mr. Teescroft bit the words out almost savagely. He was amazed at his own tone. "I think I'll go over and speak to Larry. Er—he's the fellow I came with, you know."

"If you're goin', you'd better hike before they drink them cocktails," admonished the woman, shortly.

Mr. Teescroft pushed back his chair. The noise attracted Larry's attention. He smiled and spoke to Jenny. She glanced over and Mr. Teescroft bowed. Jenny allowed her gaze to drift idly over Mr. Teescroft's companion; then, tilting her nose, she turned her head carelessly away and resumed her conversation with Larry. Mr. Teescroft flushed.

"Cut!" his companion laughed mirthlessly. "Well, if that's the way she feels about it—" She did not finish her sentence.

Mr. Teescroft was not paying attention to her. He was thinking that perhaps, after all, it was none of his business. Jenny had already caused him difficulties enough over nothing. In a way, she was responsible for the loss of his position. And then Mr. Teescroft flushed a dull, rosy red; he suddenly felt very much ashamed of himself.

The curtains between the dance hall and the refreshment room parted in the breeze. Mr. Teescroft glanced toward the opening and grew rigid. He seized his hat.

"Sit still," he cried sharply, to the woman. "I'll be back later."

Jenny saw him coming, but gave no sign of recognition. Nothing daunted, Mr. Teescroft pulled out the other chair and dropped into it.

"I'm sorry, to be rude, Miss Jenny," he said; "but I think that Providence must have brought me here."

Jenny sniffed and turned her head away. She was plainly doubtful that Providence had anything to do with it.

"Miss Jenny!" Larry was smiling. Mr. Teescroft leaned over to her almost pleadingly. "Miss Jenny! Your pa's outside looking for you. I saw him just now through the curtains. I figure he's pretty hot."

Holy cats!" Larry jumped to his feet.

So I thought I would come over here and be a kind of a chaperone," added Mr. Teescroft mildly.

"I thought maybe it 'ud look better if the three of us were here. Perhaps I'd better get rid of these things."

He deposited the untouched cocktails on the shelf under the table. His companion from across the room was regarding him with an odd expression.

'Excuse me a moment." Larry suddenly started across the room.

Jenny made no response. She did turn toward Mr. Teescroft, however.

Larry had seated himself in the chair which Mr. Teescroft had vacated but a moment before. When Mr. Hicks entered the room, he was stirring Mr. Teescroft's half empty glass of lemonade. His alibi was perfect.

Mr. Hicks headed straight for Jenny. A waiter, scenting trouble, had borne down upon them.

Perhaps, if the lady and gentleman are through, they'll accompany you outside, sir." The waiter meaningly pushed in before Mr. Hicks. He was not unused to scenes. Jenny rose. Her father motioned toward the door

and she started out. Mr. Hicks stood waiting for Mr. Teescroft. Then, dropping third into the procession, he followed them out

Jenny led the way toward the car Her father, in the rear, took a fresh grip on his black thorn

"Well, sir!" They were out of earshot. He snapped the words off.

"O pa, it wasn't Mr. Teescroft's fault," cried Jenny. "He was just "

Mr. Teescroft raised his hand sharply and Jenny stopped. Hicks was Larry's customer.

"I suppose I shouldn't have persuaded Miss Jenny to come," he said "But I assure you it was merely innocent recreation and—and— I would suggest you do not court notoriety by making a scene. The least said will be soonest mended." He knew it sounded like impudence

Mr. Hicks glared at Mr. Teescroft. Then he looked at the black thorn. He seemed to feel he was being defrauded out of his rights. His gaze wandered to the crowd on the veranda of the Casino. The people there were watching a man and woman struggling. The man was apparently trying to get away from her. He did not want his daughter's name dragged into anything and hesitated.

"Young feller," growled Mr. Hicks, "you just make yourself scarce around here. If I meet you at the Crossing some time when Jenny isn't with me, it won't be healthy for you."

"But, pa, I tell you Mr. Teescroft didn't have anything to do with it." Jennie's tone was indignant.

"Your pa is quite right, Miss Jenny," interrupted Mr. Teescroft. "I had no business being here at all and, if I may say it, neither had you."

The commotion on the veranda attracted their attention. The woman with whom he had been sitting in the refreshment room was vainly trying to drag Big Larry down the steps after her. The crowd laughed

"A fine bit o' advice from the likes o' you," sneered Hicks. "You keep away; that's all I got to say to you."

In his anger, he raised his voice. The woman on the veranda heard him.

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The Yellowstone of the North

By Edward Cave

Illustrated from Photographs

JASPER PARK WAS AS RICH IN MEN AS IN MOUNTAINS
BUT THE MOUNTAINS WERE MORE NUMEROUS

BEING new, Jasper Park, Canada's youngest national forest and game reservation and public playground, is as yet totally different from other national parks on this continent. The stage has yet to be fully set for the tourists

When I visited it, two or three roads had been built, some trails cut, a few cottages erected, but the tourist's room and bath had not even been thought of. Streets have since been opened, houses moved, and a government building of stone erected.

The transcontinental trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific now pass through the Park and the demand for tourist accommodation led the railway to arrange this summer for the erection of a tent city at Jasper. The ultimate thought is to build a great modern hotel in the Park, but in the meantime there are summer tents for sleeping and marquees in which meals are served.

Also, you will cast about for many a day before you meet up with better guides, saddle and pack outfits, and camping equipment, than you will find awaiting you in this earnest, hopeful, good-intentioned little hamlet of Jasper. The time may come when the art of separating the tourist from his money will be as highly developed here as anywhere, but Jasper is yet too young and frank and open-handed to do anything but take you to its heart.

Of course nobody would think of going all the way to northwestern Alberta to spend a vacation if there were not special reasons for doing so. These reasons are there beyond question, very solidly fixed in the landscape and bound to delight the tourist. I refer to the natural beauties and wonders of this Yellowstone of the North. I found them to come up to the specifications, and since the only available specifications were those detailed in the railroad literature and the reports of a commendably zealous government commissioner of parks, this is saying something. But I do not intend to catalogue and tag or attempt to describe scenery, not against such competition. If anyone gains any kind of impression of what Jasper Park is like from my feeble remarks herein remarked, it is due to no attempt of mine to do the park poetic justice. My real purpose in this article is to relate some new discoveries I made in the Park and touch upon some other features which the railroad people and the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada have overlooked.

To begin with, I found Jasper Park to be just as rich in men as in mountains. There are vastly more mountains, to be sure. The Park contains five thousand square miles of them, interspersed with wonderful valleys, rivers and lakes—some of the finest scenery in the whole Rocky Mountain range. Yet to me the most interesting exhibits were the guides. I am confident I shall sometime, somewhere, see another mountain

just as impressive as Mount Robson —which is not in the Park, but on the British Columbia line to the west of it and is the great grand-daddy of all the mountains of the district, altitude 13,700 feet

I expect some day to gaze upon another lake as beautiful as Maligne Lake, but nowhere shall I ever see a sight to equal "Jack" Otto shoeing a bronco, or "Runt" Moore getting a shave—and these are regularly to be seen in the Park.

As a boy I early became familiar with encounters between men and horses, or perhaps I should say between man and horse. For many years I cherished the memory of seeing a heavy farm-wagon neck-yoke as lightly wielded in the hand of man and as niftily applied to and toward the kicking end of man's friend, the horse, as if it had been but a whipstock. But I saw Jack Otto use a fence post in precisely the same sprightly manner, and with much more effect Jack is a bigger man than was my hero, to be sure. Nevertheless, though lacking in dash and having no noticeable advantage as to power of voice or ready command of invective, he also displayed a much grander rage, and he succeeded in nailing on all four horse-shoes, single handed and without resorting to the mean advantage of hog-tying his adversary

In the Spring of the year Jack hunts grizzly bears, if he finds the time away from horse-shoeing and other work incidental to getting ready for the guiding season. He showed me his rifle, and at the time it seemed to me he had used excellent judgment in the selection of his arm. But I have since come to the conclusion that he ought to use the jawbone of an ass—if he could get a sufficiently tough one

Mr. Moore, much reduced in size compared to Jack, also hunts bears Whether it is his army carbine or his repeating shotgun loaded with ball cartridges that he uses I am not sure. And I do not care, so long as he manages to keep on coming back from his hunts in need of a shave. To see him come into the Jasper pool hall and barber shop, just in off the trail, in his moleskin knickerbockers and his fringed buck-skin shirt, toss his tall stetson aside, whip off his pink silk neckerchief, and step into the barber's chair with exactly that same peculiar grace of manner one can see any day in the leading barber shops at Princeton, where it is acquired, is one of the finest sights in the Park. But finer still it is to see him rise in righteous wrath, seize the razor from the unwilling hands of Jasper's official barber—a barber, by the way who has made much more money out of proving up homesteads than from barbering and sickle his jaw over with the pale cast of a civilized shave

MOUNT ROBSON WHICH IS NOT IN THE PARK BUT ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA LINE TO THE WEST OF IT AND IS THE GREAT GRAND-DADDY OF ALL THE MOUNTAINS OF THE DISTRICT

I hope someone with influence will petition the Canadian government to conserve Mr. Otto and Mr. Moore There are also some other things in Jasper Park that are not catalogued along with the scenic beauties and natural wonders, which nevertheless are quite remarkable

There are not enough trees in the Park, and they should grow larger One day I had this very thoroughly impressed upon me, although I had noticed the discrepancy before. The timber growth is for the most part comparatively spindly spruces, jack-pines, willows and poplars, very few attaining telegraph-pole proportions, except in the river valleys. This, of course, is common to the eastern slope of the Rockies, especially up here in the country of "never a law of God nor man," Jasper Park being just a little "north of fifty-three." On this particular day I had walked some three or

four miles out from the haunts of men all by myself, carrying nothing more deadly than a camera, and stayed rather late in the evening. I would not have stayed so late had I not been up on a mountain, where I had climbed for practice for a hunting trip. But up there it was still broad day when dusk was creeping into the valley below, and besides my Eastern eyes underestimated the distance I had to go to get back to the trail. The consequence was that when I did get down to the trail and nicely started along it across an old burning, or a brule, as they say in some parts of Canada, every black stump began to be extraordinary suggestive of something I had especially good reasons for not wishing to meet. It was then that I realized how miserably small and sparse the standing timber was. I may say in passing that the rifle in my room in the hotel all nicely sealed by the fire ranger, was selected primarily for its ability to discourage any inquisitive grizzly bear of a desire to make a close acquaintance with me.

There are some grizzlies in the Park, also bears of the same family lacking the popular grizzled or silver-tip effect, but in no manner suffering any warp of personality on account of this, being in every way just as affable, condescending and easy to be spoken to as any orthodox member of the species. Also there are black bears, moose, elk—according to the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada in 1910, but not since mentioned in his reports or heard of by the writer—blacktail deer, bighorn sheep, Rocky Mountain goats, beaver and various other fur-bearing animals. The only big game I saw within the Park borders was a bunch of fourteen sheep. However, I did not travel far in the Park, and moreover, the whole region was hunted hard so recently by Indians and others bent upon making a last slaughter before the Government game and fire wardens were on the ground, that the game has not yet learned that the Park is now a sanctuary. By the time the Grand Trunk Pacific's hotel, which is to be built on a hill overlooking Fiddle Creek Canon near Miette Hot Springs and strategetically placed to provide the best view of Roche Miette, or Sheep Mountain, is ready for the tourists, there will be a delegation of bears on hand, and other game will have adopted the usual national park conventions of their kind.

Miette Hot Springs is some thirty miles east of Jasper, and will be its strong rival when the tourist travel begins, having a better array of natural wonders and the prospect of a railroad hotel. Jasper, on its part, is the first railroad divisional point west of Edmonton and the outfitting place for Maligne Lake, some thirty-five miles southeast by two different trails, a round trip over which should satisfy the most exacting pleasure seeker. It also has at its back door, almost, some of the prettiest lakes in the Park, on all of which the Government is building log bungalows to rent to vacationists. It would be hard to find a more ideal place to bungaloaf away a long vacation than on the shore of Pyramid Lake, at the foot of Pyramid Mountain, some three miles by a good road from the station at Jasper. Old Pyramid is some mountain, rising about six thousand feet pretty much straight up from the level of the lake, having an altitude of 9,700 feet, and being dolled up with all the glad colors exhibited by the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas in Colorado.

Of course the Athabaska River itself is no mean attraction. Ford it on a horse sometime with Jack Otto, and if Jack transfers that big black wallet from his hip pocket to a higher altitude, you will not soon forget your experience. The Athabaska has a color all its own, a wonderful blue-green, not at all like the dull gray of the Saskatchewan and the Fraser, and it is cold as Greenland's icy mountains. Jasper Lake and Brule Lake, through which it flows, in the Park, are likewise blue-green, and majestically chilly in appearance.

There are of course [illegible] things in the Park to make you feel queer. Take Medicine Lake, for example. Into the lake takes its name from the fact that [illegible] some Indian gazed upon it and got that lovely old platitude about bad medicine. The Maligne River [illegible] Maligne Lake now into this lake with volume enough to drown a house. Big mountains on both sides of it [illegible] this now into it. And yet with [illegible] visible outlet it [illegible] dry. At least a third of its [illegible] bottom was exposed when I [illegible] and the surface of the lake was at least fifty feet below high-water mark. Following the trail on down the lake toward the Athabaska one comes and recrosses the former outlet of the lake many times—or perhaps I should say the dry bed of a former overflow. And finally some eight or nine miles from the lake, behold! A wonderful deep gorge, so narrow at the top that one might almost leap across it in some places much wider far below, and down there in the dark mystery of the crooked fault, the Maligne River once more hurrying to the Arctic! The Maligne should be called the Underground River.

I think the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada made no mistake when he stated in his first report that, in his belief, this park would eventually outstrip all others in the Dominion of Canada in importance. It will and moreover it will hustle the Yellowstone; in fact, at the present time many people would find it more attractive, for although it has no Old Faithful, nor even the tiniest squirt of a geyser, and is lacking in some other natural curiosities, it is as yet unspoiled. It is pretty much the same sort of park I imagine as the Yellowstone was before it became popular—with the exception of having an awkward shortage of grizzly proof trees, and a better assortment of mountains

The War Bride

By Ernest H. A. Home

Desolate now and bowed,
She goes her way—
Marie, so happy and so proud
But for a day.

Letters of blood that dance:
His name—their own:
"Child, but to die for France!"—
The worst is known.

Desolate now and bowed,
She goes her way
She who was glad and proud
Just for a day.

Joyous were yester hours,
And now—O God,
Turning Thy fairest flowers
Beneath the sod.

O, for the breasts that sob,
The tears that come,
Oh for the hearts that throb
As throbs the drum.

THE TOO EARLY BIRD

A Flyer in Politics

By Arthur B. Watt

Illustrated by W. M. Stickney

RHODA AND HER BROTHER WERE NOT AT THE HOTEL AT WHICH THEY ALL WERE TO MEET AND A SEARCH OF OTHER REGISTERS PROVED FRUITLESS

I.

IF you were not interested in real estate, Spirit Lodge was no place for you.

The man who organized a Browning Club gave it up in despair. What chance was there for elucidating Sordello's story when the members would insist on dragging into the discussion the question as to whether old Simpson was justified in paying $150,000 for the corner of Main and First?

The young ministers who were sent there caused their church superiors constant worry. Soon after their arrival they all became so busy in securing a few choice lots near a new street car line that they were disposed to overlook their proper function, that of protecting the options of their parishioners in the world to come.

If a man talked to you about, "this great country of ours," you always knew that he was leading up to a proposition to have you purchase a warehouse site or a residential subdivision.

Spirit Lodge lived on hope and the money that it could lure from the outside investor. But if anybody dared to suggest within its limits that it was a boom town, he was told that he hadn't any vision and that his proper place was back in the cent belt.

II.

William Brown of the real estate firm of Brown and Anderson had come to western Canada with the first rush and, as the saying was, had distinctly made good. After a few weeks behind the counter in a dry-goods store, his old line in the East, he had the astuteness to see that that was no place for a young man of his ambitions. He made a neat turnover on the investment of his small capital in the flurry which followed the arrival of the Canadian Northern steel and this enabled him to launch out on his own account. He did well both for himself and for those who bought property through him.

But he was beginning to think that it was time for him to take a broader view of life. Even the task of calling around each evening at the Hotel Arlington to trace, if possible, from the register the arrival of foreign capital within the civic boundaries, often lost its attractiveness.

Brown had just been over there and made an appointment for ten in the morning that promised well. It was with Sir Alpheus Newton, Bart. He had clipped the report of the interview which the Winnipeg paper had published a week before. This distinguished Englishman, a prominent figure in the commercial and political life of the old land, had told the newspaper man that he was taking a tour through the West for the purpose of making large investments on behalf of himself and certain associates. They were dissatisfied with conditions at home and were waking up at last to the great possibilities which Canada offered.

Brown was quite sure that the subdivision that he had the handling within the two-mile circle from the post office would appeal to Sir Alpheus.

But this was all in the day's work. There was a time when he would have stayed up half the night discussing the talk that he was to give so important a prospect. Tonight, however, he pondered over large or small ones of personal destiny.

Crops had been good, the grain market was firm, the mortgage returns were never better. All this Spirit Lodge required to give it a real boom, was the building of a railway to the north. How often had the real estate editors told the readers that remarkable though its growth had been already it was with the opening up of the rest of settlement of our great hinterland to the north that the city's development would come.

When that happened Brown was going to realize the dreams that had led him to abandon his desolate little claim shack on the Dakota prairie, a week's journey from the railway, that had given him courage when the pickings were hard in the early years of his sojourn on the prairies and that, with an expanding inventory of acreage close in, and well situated town lots, took on new persistence and freshness.

Once in the old clerking days the member for the county had come to town for the annual fair. He was a man who was making a big reputation for himself even then. Now his name was in everybody's mouth. With him came his young wife. She had beauty and charm and it was said that her social power had been a factor of no small importance, along with her husband's wealth and ability in making him what he was. Yet he had started from nothing.

Every time Brown came across the politician's name in the newspaper he asked himself why such a career should not be open to himself. It was true that the local party organization,

with which he had allied himself, gave him nothing but hack work to do at election time. Nor did the social leaders recognize him.

"But wait till I make my clean-up," he argued, "and I'll make up for lost time. Cecil Rhodes knew what he was doing when he gave himself up to fortune-building as a preliminary to a political career. Money gives power and without it there is no use in attempting to be a figure in the world."

III.

Sir Alpheus proved a most affable gentleman. He was intensely interested in the glowing descriptions that Brown gave him of the possibilities of Spirit Lodge and the great territory that lay beyond it.

"What indeed," he exclaimed, "do they know of England who only England know? It is surely the expansion of the dominions beyond the seas that will enlarge the British outlook."

He would be delighted to go out to Idlewyld after lunch. Might he bring his sister along?

On time to the minute Brown drove his car up to the Arlington. In the corridor Sir Alpheus and his sister were waiting.

No wonder the townspeople craned their necks, Brown thought, as he and his party drove through the streets Here are a man and woman who really do amount to something and there are none of your superior airs about them.

Miss Newton reminded him very strongly of the beautiful daughter of the Duke, who was in the habit of entertaining the King each year during one of the race meetings. He had always looked for her eagerly in the groups of country-house parties that appeared in the English illustrated papers. He often wondered if she were really the splendid looking girl that her photographs made her out. At any rate Miss Newton was all and more than he had ever pictured Lady Sybil to be.

Never had Brown discoursed on the attractions of Idlewyld with more eloquence or to a more responsive audience.

Such a view as one had from the river-front lots! The municipality had agreed to extend the driveway right along the bank. The houses were beginning to spring up in the brush only a few hundred yards away. Then there were the street car lines. Sir Alpheus referred to them as tramways and Brown was not long in following suit. They would have to be built in this direction in the very near future to serve the spreading population and the other civic utilities were bound to come sooner still.

Miss Newton was astounded to find so charming a place for a home in a new country. Sir Alpheus was certain that his syndicate would take up the offer and arranged for a month's option.

IV.

Brown, on returning to his office, lost no time in getting down his lists to see what other proposition he could put before his new client. As he was glancing over them, the telephone rang. It was Sir Alpheus.

"My sister and I," he said, "are afraid that we took all your kindness too much as a matter of course. The outing was a most delightful one and we are really grateful to you for it. We have been wondering if you could possibly find time to come and dine with us at the hotel to-night. It would give us a chance to have a further talk with you and we are more than interested in what you were telling us."

There was no hesitancy about Brown's reply. Before dinner was over, he felt that he had known his host all his life. Later, as they sat upstairs, he found himself opening up his heart to them.

They had the story of his early struggles, of the business success that had come slowly but surely, of all that he believed the future held in store for him. And then he branched off and told how his ambitions went far beyond the mere acquiring of wealth. It was after all only a means to an end and it was a poor creature who made it the big thing of his life. He was candid enough to tell how he had lacked appreciation on the part of the people of Spirit Lodge. But his time was coming.

"Of course it is," broke in Sir Alpheus "But do you think that you are wise to wait for those among whom you have made your money to understand that you are something besides a money-

THEY HAD THE STORY OF HIS EARLY STR[illegible] OF THE [illegible] THAT HAD [illegible] SLOWLY BUT SURELY AND [illegible]

maker? Unlike most familiar sayings, that about a prophet being not without honor, save in his own country, is borne out by the facts of every-day life."

"Why," he added a moment later, "don't you break into politics across the water? We need colonials to help us. They make excellent candidates. Both parties have found that out. You've noticed that all Canadians who have gone over there have done well. Of course, it takes some money to run for parliament, but not so much as you might think."

Brown was sure that it was a trifle too large an undertaking for him to think of just then. Possibly he might be able to take it into consideration a little later. But Sir Alpheus was the very soul of optimism.

"Let's get down to the brass tacks," he said, "and see if we cannot manage this. I'm on the central executive of our party and I know that there is a constituency about to fall vacant in which we want a candidate who can talk up the colonies. There'll be no harm done, if I send a cable saying that a young and successful Canadian might be induced to come over and stand for the seat. I'm going down south for a few weeks to look over some property there and perhaps by the time I get back we'll have heard what the committee thinks of the matter."

V.

Long after the last nighthawk had made his way home, Brown bent over a mass of figures. He was trying to determine what he could realize if he disposed of all his speculative holdings on short notice. All told, he at last concluded, he had not enough as yet to warrant his accepting Sir Alpheus' suggestion. Some day the chance might come again, but in the meanwhile there was nothing to do but wait as patiently as possible.

He knew that it was not right for him to complain of a town that had already done so much for him. But he would like to see values advance just a trifle faster. When he entered the British parliament, he did not want to have any worries as to whether members paid themselves salaries or not.

The ordinary run of business interested him very little the next morning. But he strolled around to the Arlington as a matter of habit. He met Miss Newton at the entrance, starting on a shopping tour. She was none too well and had decided that she might better stop over in Spirit Lodge rather than go with her brother down south and have to spend the time in stuffy little hotels, while he went about his business.

The clerks in the stores opened their eyes when a modish young lady stepped up to their counters with Brown in attendance. Those who came around to his office by appointment declared that it was the first time that they had ever known him to fail to keep a business engagement. One of his callers, when, in the early afternoon, he

BUT TO-NIGHT HE PONDERED OVER LARGER PROBLEMS IN [illegible]

saw Brown's car headed in the direction of St. Anthony and its owner engaged in earnest conversation with his sole passenger, shook his head and muttered that you could never tell when you had sized up a man properly.

VI.

A week later the newspapers came out with a liberal display of job-type across their front pages. A dispatch from the capital announced that the government had decided to guarantee the bonds of a railway projected into the north country from Spirit Lodge. Construction was to start immediately, anticipating the passage of the necessary bill at the approaching session of the Legislature. There was a large ministerial majority and any government measure went through like clockwork.

"Spirit Lodge," ran the editorial in the *Star*, "has at last come into its own. The empire of the north is to lay its wealth at the city's feet. The hope of long years is to become an actuality and on the banks of the Red Man river, where there now stands a flourishing city of ten thousand souls, we shall in another [illegible] years, see one of at least a hundred thousand [illegible] eventually become one of the great centres of the continent."

There had been many startling changes in property values in the past, but never before any like those which now occurred. There was no difficulty in selling out at prices far beyond those which had previously prevailed. The trouble was to secure anybody who was willing to let go his holdings. Up prices were high now, would they not be much higher when the railway building was actively under way?

[illegible] on a large scale who figured as a serious [illegible] about [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Brown. Nothing [illegible] speculate. He did not [illegible] bigger things still were [illegible].

Sir Alpheus returned a few days before he was expected. He found Brown talking to his sister up in the Arlington reception room.

"I couldn't stand being away any longer," he declared, "with all this excitement up here. Everywhere I went the talk was all of Spirit Lodge. 'At Clear water I mentioned to a man that I had a month's option on Idlewild and he offered me $20,000 cash for it. I don't know whether I was wise or not, but I closed with him."

"You could have done better," said Brown, "but after all one does not pick up $20,000 every day, so under the circumstances you were probably wise to jump at the chance."

"And what news have you for me here?" enquired the baronet. "Your kindness to Rhoda is, of course, something that I can never thank you enough for. She wrote and told me

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In the Forefront

SAMUEL CARTER ONTARIO'S SCRAPPIEST MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT; J. L. WELLER, THE CANADIAN GOETHALS; MAJOR SAUNDERS, OF EDMONTON, WHO STANDS FOR COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

The Man Who Wouldn't be Run Over

By Don Hunt

AFTER all, the most dramatic thing about this continent of America, underlying all the drama of the pioneer activities and all the drama of the melting pot, is the question which every one if he is given to thinking at all, must ask himself either on his own behalf or for his ancestors—why did we come here? For none of us were on this continent to begin with. Why did we come?

Of course, the only exception to this question is in the case of the North American Indians. With them, the query isn't "Why did we come?" but, "How did we get here?" Most of us, however, are not Indians, and neither is Mr. Samuel Carter an Indian. He is a radical manufacturer and public man living in the city of Guelph, and representing the constituency of South Wellington in the Ontario Legislature. Mr Carter comes from England, and when you ask him the dramatic question of why he came to this part of the world, you find that you have opened up a story significant and progressive.

There are two main reasons why Mr. Carter is a citizen of Ontario to-day, and not still living in the knitting districts of the country of his birth. For one thing, he neither wanted to be run over himself nor to see other people like him run over; in the second place, he was a passionate temperance man. From these causes he came to America thirty-four years ago; for these causes he is still fighting to-day, and, as we shall see, the two ideas, the two ambitions, merge, with him, into one compelling motive and driving force.

First, about getting run over.

To understand that, we shall have to go back a wee bit in our story, back indeed to the days of the Chartists. "Sam" Carter himself wasn't alive in the times of those turbulent people, for he is only fifty-five years of age, but when he was nine, and began to work in the knitting mills of the little industrial village near Nottingham, where he had been born, he had as co-laborers, quite a group of older men who had taken part in the Chartist agitations, and while they were eating their dinners out of the tin pails or resting after their work, they would talk about the excitement of those days, and reaffirm their belief in radical doctrines. Young Carter was thus brought up on the strong wine of radicalism.

His own father was by no means a reactionary. He had been arrested for conspiracy simply because he talked with some of his friends in a wood. The landed and capitalistic classes thought it bad enough for workmen to talk to each other at all; as for conversation in a wood—didn't all the stories both of Grimm and Mother Goose prove that woods were haunts of mystery and of crime? Not only had Carter's father made good his claim of being a radical by being arrested in a forest—he was also interested in the Rochedale Co-operative Society, which began seventy years ago, now has between 2,000 and 3,000 branches in England, had a good one in Ghent Belgium, and has eight or ten branches in Canada with our friend Carter as the president of the one in Guelph.

SAMUEL CARTER, M.P.P. FOR SOUTH WELLINGTON, ONTARIO

Yes, the Carters were a radical family, and with their radical associates were constantly chafing under the disabilities imposed upon them in feudal England. Take the question of votes in elections. The grown-up men-folk of the Carters had one vote each—that sounds fair enough, but the land owners had six votes each! And the rich men were not content even with this lead

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Our Canadian Goethals

Who Is Building the New Fifty Million Dollar Welland Ship Canal.

By W. A. Craick.

WERE it not that the arts of peace are overshadowed now by the smoke of war, there would be a large place in the public eye for the man who is building the new Welland Ship Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario. This big undertaking,—one of the largest and most important public works ever attempted in Canada,—falls but little short in point of size, engineering interest and commercial value, of the famous Panama Canal itself, and its creator and promoter deserves to take rank as a constructive genius with General Goethals. Yet who knows his name? Who is familiar with his record?

W. J. Locke, a contemporary English novelist, has created a number of heroes, whose whimsical personalities are probably familiar to a good many readers of current fiction. Marcus Ordeyne, the Beloved Vagabond and Septimus are all characters of an odd, unconventional type, careless in dress erratic, absorbed and yet most charming in disposition and lovable in nature. If a composite being could be formed from the material suggested by these creations of Locke, with the more strikingly eccentric characteristics toned down, one would have a fair approximation to John Laing Weller the genius behind the New Welland.

In the thirties, forties and fifties of last century the name of Weller was quite as famous, comparatively speaking, as are the names of any of Canada's present-day railway magnates. Did not "Bill" Weller of Cobourg own and control the biggest transportation system of the day, the stage-line that linked Montreal and Toronto with an equipment of good, old-time coaches and spanking horse-flesh? Until the Grand Trunk Railway completed the first steam road between the two cities, the stage-coach proprietor was a famous figure along the St. Lawrence and the North Shore of Lake Ontario. Then in a night the old system was wiped out and the once notable personality of William Weller was eclipsed by the advent of the new generation of steam railway operators.

The man who is bringing fresh distinction to the Weller name by his epoch-making work on the Niagara Peninsula, is the youngest son of this old-time proprietor of stage coaches. An older brother, Charles Alexander Weller, won some local fame as Judge of the County Court of Peterboro and another brother, W. H. Weller of Cobourg, was at one time Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Canada. J. L., or "the Chief" as he is generally called in St. Catharines where he makes his headquarters, was born in Cobourg in 1862, and in early life turned his thoughts towards a military career. He attended the Royal Military College, completing his course at Kingston just about the time the North West Rebellion of 1885 was brewing. In the brief and glorious campaign of that spring he took an active part.

Then began his long and valuable association with the canal system of Canada which culminated a couple of years ago with his appointment as engineer of construction of the new Ship Canal. His first work was in connection with the building of the Murray canal between Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte. Then he was transferred to the Cornwall Canal on the St. Lawrence. Later, when improvements and enlargements were undertaken at the Lake Ontario entrance of the Welland Canal at Port Dalhousie, he was placed in charge. This provided him with a stepping-stone to the post of superintendent of the present canal, a position he filled with ability until he was called upon to take charge of the preparations for the construction of the new waterway.

The Welland Ship Canal is in a very real sense a one-man job. J. L. Weller, while an exceedingly modest fellow and one who dislikes intensely anything savoring of self-advertising, is yet possessed of a good deal of personal pride. In anything he attempts, he loves to excel. He tackled the problem of the location of the new canal and he went about the preparation of the plans for its construction with the intention of demonstrating that it was not too difficult a thing for him to handle. Nor was it. He succeeded in discovering a route that would shorten the distance between the two lakes and at the same time enable him to provide adequately for the enormous locks and storage reservoirs which will be a feature of the new project.

The canal, as planned by Mr. Weller, is to be twenty-five miles in length, as against 27½ miles in the present canal. It will have seven locks, instead of twenty-six, of which three will be double so as to admit of ships going up and down at the same time. These locks are to be 800 feet long by 80 feet wide, with a depth of 30 feet. Their most striking feature will be a new style of gate, unique in canal construction, and invented by Mr. Weller himself. Instead of consisting of two leaves mitring in the centre when closed, these gates will be but single leaves, turning right across the ends of the locks. When it is mentioned that the lock gates on the

J. L. WELLER, THE MAN WHO IS ERECTING A MONUMENT TO THE GLORY OF HIS NAME

Panama Canal weigh only 730 tons, against 1,100 tons in the proposed Welland gates, it is apparent that in some respects at least the latter undertaking surpasses the former. The Panama locks are, of course, larger being 1000 feet in length by 110 feet in width, with a depth of 41⅛ feet but their lift is only 28½ feet, as against 46½ feet on the Welland Canal.

The remarkable genius of J. I. Weller was never shown to greater advantage than when the contracts were let for the first three sections of the new canal. Eighteen million dollars was the sum involved. When it came to comparisons, it was found that this amount was actually within two per cent. of the estimate he had placed on the work and two per cent on the right side at that. When in public works estimates are almost invariably exceeded, it speaks volumes for this engineer's ability that he was able to strike so close to the actual amount. Nor will he permit contract-

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Major B. J. Saunders

Who foresaw the German peril and urged compulsory military training

By May L. Armitage

WHILE Canada lay secure in her dream of prosperity and peace while the West was cramming each acre full of golden grain, and the East straining every nerve to handle it when such a thing as a war cloud was regarded by the heedless many as the merest fanatical fiction of the dreamer, the few, and among them, one of the outstanding figures of the West and the present war, Major Bryce Johnston Saunders, of Edmonton, Alberta, saw what was coming and sounded his note of warning in the most practical way possible, in an appeal for compulsory military training for all classes of Canadian young men, when arriving at a certain age

In the August number of "Canadian Defence," the official journal of the Canadian Defence League, Major Saunders expressed himself in no uncertain terms, calling upon the country to come out of its fool's paradise, and buckle to preparations for the war that surely was swelling to a menace.

Major Saunders knew whereof he spoke, for was he not one of the first volunteers in the Rebellion of '85, his medal and clasp testifying to his bravery under fire. The Major was a carefree popular McGill student at the out-

THE SCOTCH BLOOD IN BRYCE JOHNSTON SAUNDERS' VEINS CALLED FOR ACTION AND INTO ACTION HE WENT

break of the Rebellion, just ready in fact to enter on his final exams. in civil engineering; but what were exams with active service beckoning! The Scotch blood in Bryce Johnston Saunders' veins called for action, and into action he went as Lieutenant D. L. S. Intelligence Corps. He had the sorrow of seeing his best friend and companion, young Kippen fall, and returned to Montreal saddened and matured by a touch of actual warfare.

Montreal did her best to spoil the McGill boys upon their return. They were feted and banquetted, and lunched and dined, and last but not least, were granted full pass certificates and diplomas for the finals they had missed, the degree of B.A.Sc. being conferred on Major Saunders.

Every one in Edmonton says "Colonel" Saunders when speaking of "B. J.," for, though he was first gazetted captain of "A" squadron of the Canadian Mounted Rifles in 1906 and major of the Alberta Mounted Rifles in 1908 he was also gazetted Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers (now the 7th Battalion of the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Forces, a unit in itself) in 1910. The term "Colonel" seems to stick, though "Major" is probably the proper prefix at present, for with this rank he left Valcartier, Quebec, with the First Canadian Contingent as Paymaster of the 9th Infantry Battalion.

Major Saunders was Commissioner of the City of Edmonton at the time the call came, but that made no difference, just as in the old college days it made no difference: he was one of the very first to offer his services, recognizing the inestimable value and the crying need of officers and trained men.

The only thing that kept Major Saunders from the South African War was that they would not take him—he being a married man—and had there been any other wars in the interval when they would have taken him, you could have counted on his being there.

Major Saunders had the signal honor of being one of the four Canadian officers, chosen by the Canadian High Commissioner's Office to attend the funeral of the late King Edward VII., as representative of the Canadian forces. This was one of his many trips to the old land, and at that time he probably had little thought of being needed in actual military service in the near future.

About two years ago Major Saunders was made Commissioner of Canadian Defence for Edmonton and District, and his correspondence with the late George M. Elliott, Secretary of the League, goes to show how deep an interest he took in matters pertaining to his country's safeguarding and the objects of the League, viz., the maintaining of Canadian nationality and the keeping of British connection.

It would be hard to find a more patriotic family as a whole in the West than the B. J. Saunders' one. Mrs. Saunders is an ardent United Empire Loyalist, and treasures her papers showing she is a true Britisher above everything else. She is organizing secretary for the West, of the United Empire Loyalist Association, and it is largely owing to her efforts that Edmonton boasts such a flourishing branch.

Mrs. Saunders is also organizing secretary of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire for Alberta and since the outbreak of the war has organized no less than nine new Chapters in Edmonton alone, every one of them working with the greatest zeal.

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece, taken from a photograph. For some strange reason the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew, who tells the tale, at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl, a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair, was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going on quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm, but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of [illegible] to talk with his wife. A sudden shot startles the party. The man says that Irene Fournier was in the house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing [illegible] client to return. Irene then disappeared, while [illegible] Richards accepts but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination [illegible] of Claire Meredith's mother, a Norman peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut, had imagined a picture of the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby rattle on which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "[illegible] I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"I don't know who that can be," said I.

The listlessness of a moment before had disappeared from Jeffrey's attitude. He stood erect and tense. His eyes were bright and his lips curved into a hard smile.

"Let him in," he said softly.

My office-boy had gone long ago, springing the catch of the outer door behind him, so that it was there that I went to admit my visitor. He was the man we had just been talking about.

"Oh, Dr. Crow," said I. "Won't you come in?"

He stepped into the outer office. "I tried to get you at your house," he said, "and they told me I might find you here. I'm sorry to call at such an hour, but it's important."

His face and his manner were grave and rather oppressive. The only fault I had found with him on the occasion of our other interview had been his smile, which he turned on rather too often and suddenly. There was no trace of that smile now.

"I had a note yesterday from Mr. Jeffrey," he went on, "stating that he had sent us the portrait of Miss Claire Meredith, and asking for an appointment with Miss Meredith herself. I made that appointment and waited in all the afternoon. But Mr. Jeffrey didn't keep it. His note was urgent, and I hoped that possibly you might give me some information about him."

"My impression is," said I, "that Mr. Jeffrey did keep the appointment. But he's here in my office at this mo-

ment. Won't you come in and talk with him?"

His face was perfectly expressionless for a full five seconds. He didn't move in the direction of the inner door I indicated. But, at the end of that time, he said in a rather level voice: "I'm glad he's here. I'd like to talk with him very much."

Jeffrey turned away from the window as we came into the room. His manner, to a casual stranger, would have seemed languid, almost indifferent. But my close knowledge of him gave me one or two signs that betrayed the real truth—the slightly narrowed, almost rigid eyelids, and the hardly perceptible quiver of his sensitive nostrils.

"Dr. Crow was under the impression," said I, when they had greeted each other, "that you hadn't kept your appointment with Miss Meredith today. I told him I thought you had."

"Oh, yes," said Jeffrey in a matter-of-fact tone, "I went up on the night boat to be there bright and early. I had a very pleasant visit with her this morning."

"It was for Miss Meredith's town house that I made the appointment," said Crow. "It never occurred to me that you would go to Beech Hill."

"I don't think either of us mentioned her town house in our exchange of notes," said Jeffrey. "I went to Beech Hill as a matter of course. But I take it from your explanation that you didn't intend me to see Miss Meredith after all."

Crow shook his head. "The misapprehension has rather forced my hand," he said with a sort of rueful frankness. "I am obliged to confess that I didn't intend you to see her. Miss Meredith had been in town, but the state of her health forced me to send her to Beech Hill. I intended to keep the appointment you had made for her and explain matters to you."

"Perhaps," said Jeffrey silkily, "you will explain them now. But I'll say in the meantime, for your reassurance, that I had the pleasantest sort of visit with Miss Meredith, and my impression is that she enjoyed it as much as I did. I can't believe that her having seen me will have any deleterious r[illegible]

We were all seated by that time, and Jeffrey passed around his cigarettes. There was a rather long silence before Crow began to talk. But even before he had said a word his manner made, on me at least, a strong impression in his favor. There was no pretense about him. He seemed like a man approaching a difficult subject with the serious, candid intention of getting to the bottom of it.

"The ethics of a doctor's profession," he began at last, "are often very puzzling. We are under oath to do certain things and to refrain from doing certain other things. And the fact that that oath has been binding for a good many centuries is proof enough of its validity. And yet I am going to break it now in one of its important particulars.

"I am forbidden to talk about a patient; I am sworn to treat a patient's confidential communications, voluntary or otherwise, as sacred. I cannot be compelled to testify in a court of law any more than a priest can be compelled to violate the secrets of the confessional. And yet this case is so exceptional that I really feel compelled to do it.

"I am sure," he went on, after another moment of silence, "that I needn't say anything more than this to insure your treating what I have to tell you as sacredly confidential."

"Certainly," said I.

Jeffrey nodded.

"I want to begin by saying that as a small boy, on my occasional visits to Beech Hill, I was always rather a favorite of Miss Meredith's. She liked me much better than her brother did. For no better reason, I believe"—he smiled in a sober sort of way—"than because I was a harum-scarum sort of youngster—a sort of black lamb, if you like.

"She quarreled with my parents, however, as she did with pretty nearly everybody in those days; and I was genuinely surprised, three years ago, when she returned from Paris, after Claire's death, that she should have sent for me to come to make her a visit at Beech Hill

"We spent a week-end together, there being no other visitor; and on my preparing to go back to town, she proposed that I give up my practise, such as it was, and come and live with her. She said frankly that she had in mind making me her heir; she had tried me out, and she believed we should get on together. She wanted some one, she said, to stand between her and the world, and she'd rather have me than a paid secretary.

"She offered me a good deal more independence than that sort of position usually carries—a whole wing of the house to myself, and all the time I wanted for my laboratory work.

"I think I have told you both that she was, at that time, far from well, and that she needed some one with a medical training to look after her. That statement was true, but it was very far within the truth. The fact was that she was not only nervously upset, suffering from the shock of Claire's death, but that her mind was—permanently or temporarily, I couldn't tell which—deranged.

"I think you will see the difficulty of my position. The greater part of the time she was as sane as you or I. One course that was open to me was to take her before a commissioner in lunacy, have her declared insane, and have a conservator appointed for her estate.

"Such a course would certainly have cleared my skirts of any charge of self-interest or unprofessional conduct, and it would benefit a number of distant collateral heirs—all of whom hated her, none of whom would live with her, all of whom were merely waiting for her death—to get what they regarded as their share of her property.

"On the other hand, the ordeal of facing the commission and of being adjudged insane, to a person who was sane enough nine-tenths of the time to fully appreciate the horror of it, would undoubtedly be worse for her—would tend to perpetuate the insanity which I hoped to cure

"The course I decided upon was, I frankly admit, in accordance with my own selfish interests. But I believed,

AFTER HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY PHONE CALLS, I SUCCEEDED IN MAKING AN APPOINTMENT

honestly and sincerely, that it accorded with her best interests to do so.

"I have no difficulty believing that," said I, "and I do really appreciate the difficulties of your situation."

"Not yet, you don't," he said. "I thought they were difficult enough at the beginning, but that was nothing to what happened within the first week of my attendance upon her."

He paused there and drew a long, rather unsteady breath. "I'll try not to harrow you with details," he said. "But what happened was that Miss Meredith had a violent maniacal outbreak, during which she said positively that she had killed her niece."

I didn't dare look at Jeffrey. I felt, rather than saw, the sudden relaxation of his body in the chair that told me, who knew him so well, the intensity with which his mind had been waiting for Crow's next words.

"I tried as best I could to get details. But all I could get, beyond the bare assertion 'I killed her! I know she is dead! I killed her myself!' was the apparently senseless statement, 'I killed her with a pin.'

"I confess I didn't know what to do. I had never gone back on her own unsupported statement that Claire had died of smallpox, and I was still inclined to think it likely that that was true. But, of course, I couldn't let it go at that. I communicated with friends in Paris, and asked them to get the official version of Claire Meredith's death.

"When Miss Meredith herself had recovered from the attack and was superficially sane again, I made an effort to bring up the subject and get some details from her. But it was evident that that wouldn't do. For some reason or other, Claire's death was so intimately associated with the source of her delusions that any approach to the subject seemed to bring them back.

"But, after what seemed an interminable while, I got word from Paris. The girl had died during a serious epidemic of the disease, having been taken, as soon as it was diagnosed in her case, out of Miss Meredith's care altogether and conveyed to the pest-house. There wasn't the faintest irregularity about it, nor, so far as I could see, any opportunity for any irregularity. My friends had a copy of the death certificate made and sent to me.

"That was a great relief, of course; but it left me still in the dark as to what I was most anxious to get at—namely, the source of Miss Meredith's delusion. She rarely mentioned Claire. Though, from occasional remarks she dropped, I gathered that they had not got on well together, and that the antipathy between them had grown with the years.

"Miss Meredith's attitude toward her loss has always struck me as being one of remorse rather than of regret—as if, in her sanest moments, she still felt herself responsible for Claire's death. For some reason or other, that was the thing that was preying on her mind, and I felt that I must discover the source of the delusion in order to remove it.

"It was by the merest chance in the world that I did discover it. I was turning over the contents of her strong-box one day, in a search for some papers she had directed me to find, when I came upon a photograph of Claire—a print from the same plate, evidently"—he turned to Jeffrey—"as the one you used for the portrait. That picture gave me the clue. It was marked, spotted all over, with pin-pricks."

I heard a little catch in Jeffrey's slow, even breathing, and he sat up with a sudden look of illumination.

"That's very interesting," he said. It was his first remark since Crow had begun his story. "It must have seemed strange to come upon an evidence of Salem witchcraft here in the beginning of the twentieth century."

"You're rather wonderful," said Crow, "to get it all in a minute like that. It took me three solid days to figure it out, and I had heard of one or two other modern cases that might have given me a precedent."

"You will have to explain it to me," said I.

"Why, she must have gone on hating her niece for years in her cold, repressed Meredith way. I know that during the time they lived in Paris she was amusing herself with new religions—some of the pseudo mysticism that is cropping up everywhere in Europe and America, and is making life such a cinch for a lot of these fake East Indian Brahmins. The eccentric streak that is so characteristic in her family happened to take that form.

"She had a photograph taken of her niece, and began making pin-pricks in it with the idea of exercising a malign influence on the girl—possibly even with the idea that the effect of it would be fatal. The idea was horrifying to me, until I came to the conclusion that the act itself had been a part of her delusion. Or perhaps she did it in a wholly experimental and incredulous way, without any serious belief that it could do her niece any harm. But you will understand in a moment how the coincidence of the malady that did overtake Claire must have affected her. The marks of smallpox must have seemed perfectly definite correspondents to the pin-pricks in the photograph. The fact that the doctors called it smallpox—even the fact that there was an epidemic of it in the city at the time—didn't at all relieve her own interior conviction that she and no one else was responsible for Claire's death.

"The moment I discovered where the seat of the delusion was, I set to work to removing it. I brought Miss Meredith into town [illegible] with me wherever I thought it was safe; in a word, did everything I could to divert her mind.

"Meanwhile I had sent to the photographer in Paris who had made the photograph and asked him for another print. When it came back I took it to Beech Hill and substituted it for the pin-pricked one in Miss Meredith's box. I began talking about Claire, and finally succeeded in getting Miss Meredith to talk about her in a more or less normal way.

"Finally I said I thought it would be an excellent plan to have Claire's portrait painted. I remarked that I had come upon an excellent photograph of her in Miss Meredith's box, and that I thought a skilful portrait painter like yourself" he nodded to Jeffrey "would be able to produce a satisfactory portrait from it.

"Of course the idea that I had found out what she regarded as her fatal secret excited my patient exceedingly. I had taken her to Beech Hill for the purpose of making the suggestion, and against her vigorous protest I went to the box, got out the photograph, and showed it to her. Of course she was greatly excited to find it was not so faced.

"But the result of the experiment was as I had anticipated. She knew she had been ill, had been suffering from delusions, and she simply put this among them and dismissed it as nothing worse than a long nightmare. She seemed to me to be on the road to a complete recovery.

"And then something happened. I couldn't possibly have foreseen something that has gone far to undo all that I tried to accomplish in the way of effecting a cure.

"By some means or other which I never have fathomed, a pair of spiritualists learned or guessed that Miss Meredith might be made their prey. They got into communication with her—a thing that Miss Meredith's greatly improved health made it much easier for them to do than it would have been three months before—and persuaded her to come to a séance.

"They got hold of some woman I don't know where who bore a rather surprising likeness to Miss Meredith's dead niece. They even succeeded in tricking her out in a gown similar to the one Claire had worn when she had her photograph taken, and they showed Miss Meredith a materialization vivid and lifelike enough to upset the mind that had so recently regained its balance.

"There were circumstances which

made it impossible for me to appeal to the police, so I did the only thing that seemed left for me to do. I found out the woman who had impersonated Claire at the séance and after heaven knows how many phone calls –for she was a busy lady and a very beautiful one—succeeded in making an appointment, and bribed her with a good round sum to disappear. And since then I have made some progress toward effecting a second cure."

"You were lucky to get rid of the impostor as easily as that," said Jeffrey. "Those people generally stick like leeches. They go away with one bribe only to come back for another."

"I've an idea that fate took a hand in that game," said Dr. Crow soberly. "I believe the young woman met with foul play. Certainly the pictures the papers published of the girl who was found in the ice a few months ago bore a striking resemblance to her. I'd have been glad to give the police a hint that would lead toward her identification, if the circumstances had not made it impossible. But I think you will see that my hands were tied in that matter pretty completely."

"Yes, I can see that."

Crow rose from his chair. "I hope you can see, too," he said, "the reason why my dealings with you have not been as frank and direct as I could wish them to be. I honestly meant, when I made that appointment with you for this afternoon, to tell you something of these circumstances, though not as much as I have told you this evening. On the whole, I am not sorry that you forced my hand.

"I have had to make a great many difficult decisions within the last three years without consulting anybody, and I have had to carry around more secrets inside of my head than any man could find pleasant. It has been a great relief to take you into my confidence."

HIS FACE WAS PERFECTLY EXPRESSIONLESS FOR A FULL FIVE SECONDS.

Jeffrey rose, too. "Well," he said, "if anything more turns up come to us again. If there is anything we can do, call on us. My friend Drew, here, has more common sense than any man I know. And I myself come across with a lucky guess occasionally. It has been a very interesting story, and we are both greatly indebted to you for telling it to us. We have a problem of our own on hand which it may help us to solve."

Crow nodded and said good night to Jeffrey. I was already in the doorway in the act of showing him out.

"By the way," said Jeffrey, and Crow stopped short. Perhaps he had said it a little too casually, for I myself had the feeling something was coming. "There's that photograph you gave me to paint from. I must return that. I'd forgotten it. Shall I send it to Beech Hill or to Miss Meredith's town address?"

"Why, you may as well send it direct to Beech Hill," said Crow

"I'll attend to it at once," said Jeffrey, "and then I sha'n't have anything more on my mind. There's nothing else, is there?"

"I think not," said Crow, "and you can congratulate yourself on a very successful outcome. The portrait was really wonderful. Good night again."

He looked, as he stood there facing Jeffrey, holding out his hand to him, like a man who has just got rid of some long crushing oppression, who had just dropped a load off his shoulders and was standing up straight and drawing deep, comfortable breaths for the first time in a long while.

I didn't wonder at that. I could see that his secret knowledge of Miss Meredith's condition, his uncertainty, the puzzling coincidence of his own selfish interests with those of his patient, must have driven him nearly distracted.

So it was with real cordiality, when he had followed me to the outer door, which I held open for him, that I extended my hand to him. He didn't seem to see my hand—didn't move his own to meet it, and at that I looked into his face. It had changed somehow in the last five seconds.

There was a look almost of panic in his eyes. He made an imperceptible move as if to brush by me and go back into the inner office. But he checked it.

Then, with what seemed a supreme effort, he recovered his former manner, shook hands hastily, and walked swiftly away down the corridor to the elevator.

I found Jeffrey pacing up and down, his eyes shining with excitement.

"We've got the right trail at last, Drew," he said excitedly. "We've got it at last."

He took another turn across the room, tugging with both hands at his hair, a he was wont to do in moments of exeitement. Then he stopped and stood facing me.

"Are you game, Drew? Will you see it through with me?"

"See what through?" said I. "It's all explained now, isn't it? What is there for us to do?"

"We've got to outguess him," said Jeffrey thoughtfully. "Will he bring her back to town, or wil he leave her at Beech Hil? He meant to bring her back to town, but will he do it now? Perhaps he's brought her already—sent for her as soon as they wired him I had been there."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I demanded

He paid no attention to my question, but started walking up and down again.

"He'll see it," said Jeffrey. "He's sure to see it. He may catch on any minute."

I remembered the sudden change that had come over Crow's face just before he left me.

"I don't in the least know what you mean," said I, "but, Jeffrey, I believe he has seen it."

He wheeled and faced me, his eyes eager with the question he did not need to ask.

"Just before he left me, there in the outer office, his face changed and a queer look came into it. . . I thought for a moment he was coming back into this room. It was as if he'd forgotten something important. And then he changed his mind and went away."

"He sees then," said Jeffrey. "Well, I'm not sorry. On the whole, I'd rather play the hand that way."

"But what do you mean?" I cried.

"He had forgotten something," said Jeffrey soberly. "Oh, there's no time to talk now. We've got to move quick. We've got to go to Beech Hill to-night. We're going to commit a burglary, Drew. Are you game?"

To be continued.

The Road of the Lost Citizens

WHEREIN IS TRACED THE REASON FOR THE CAPTAINCY OF GREGORY, WHO IS HIGHLAND SCOTCH, VIA VERMONT VIA NOVA SCOTIA, PER OX-TEAM

By Hilary E. Bendle

WHEN Dorothy yawns herself into her pink boudoir cap, her pinker-still slippers and her Fuji-blue and cherry-blossom-pinkest-of-all Jap kimono, she's a martyr to patriotism. Eight o'clock used to be Dorothy's get-up-ing hour, and not then unless Selma and the coffee were unusually prompt

But nowadays, it's chill reveille, borne over ten blocks of Canadian dawn, that catches her by a reluctant pink ear, and pries her out of her white bed—to grey knitting!

"Gregory's as lazy as I am," says Dorrie, winking her eyes open over the War Summary, "but captains *have* to get up. There's the dear knows what an' all of drill to dig into every day. I never let my brother get ahead of me yet, and I never will All the dear boys just *gotta* have more socks and if I do say it myself, I'm a ten-talent knitter. Besides there's never time enough at the Red Cross to do half the work I want to."

There's only one thing she'll take her eyes off British socks and Belgian shocks, to behold, and that's the progress of the anti-absinthe, vanish-vodka whisk-the-whiskey campaign. For Dorothy you must know, is a temperance crank of the crankiest crankness.

And yet—her chiefest single treasure, reverently dusted and given the place of honor among all her den nicknacks is a Rum Flask!

And that's the Story.

Dorothy, you see, is Irish. That is, the fastest-talking three quarters of her is Irish. The other quarter is Highland Scotch, via Vermont to Nova Scotia, and thence to Ontario.

In other words, Dorothy's great-great-great-grandfather on her mother's side was a United Empire Loyalist.

In America they may have forgotten just what that means, but in Canadian parlance, it's the same thing as stating that your ancestors came over in the Mayflower, only more so. And when Dorothy put reverent brown eyes on Grandmother's collection of heirlooms that trekked northward along with the family in 1783, she drew the old leather-covered, time-stained, glossy-sided rum bottle

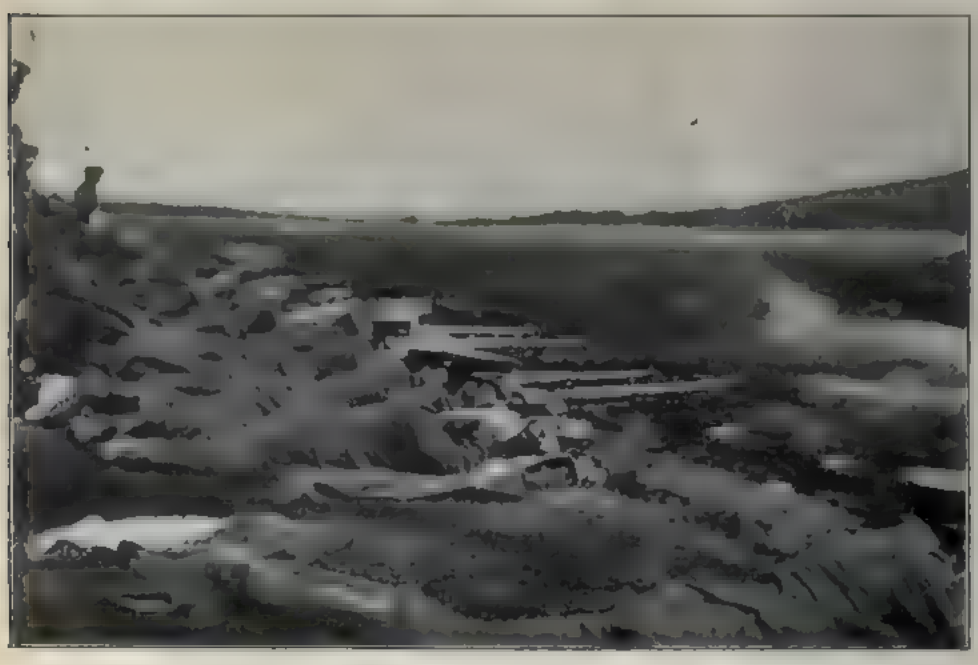
Dorothy has as many relatives south of the imaginary four-thousand-mile line as she has north of it. And she loves them just as much. The rum bottle doesn't make her think herself a royalist and her cousin Betty Bostonette, a rebel. She wasn't a bit pugnacious when the megaphone man that took the two of them through the suburbs of Toronto, pointed out the 1812 defences. She knew that she and Betty, handholding in the twentieth century rubberneck coach, were a far better fortification

John Bull has the happy faculty of forgetting. So has Uncle Sam. There are no forts on Mason and Dixon's line Only on Decoration Day do the Blue and Grey Veterans recall their Civil War. Buried far deeper with the mould of years is the War of Independence. But war burrows far and unearths skeletons

Directly after every great war, whether in America or Europe, the United States has made new jobs for the census man. Doubtless this will prove true when the present war is over. But for a short time after the Revolutionary War it began to look as if the original Thirteen Colonies would lose more citizens than they would add as a result of the combat.

When England signed the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, she thought that it included sufficient protection for those of the Colonists who had remained loyal to her. For there was a clause in the treaty that pledged Congress to commend these loyalists, or Tories, to the "kind consideration" of the various States. But the respective State governments were in a more or less chaotic condition. No move was made to restore to the Tories their property that had been confiscated. On the other hand laws were passed depriving them of the right to hold office.

Peace should sheathe the sword and throw the vitriol out of the fountain pen. But there are many who recall how unpleasant it was for a "Yankee" to live in Dixie or for a "Rebel" to dwell in the North just after the Civil War. The conditions were even harder for the Tories. They were ostracised socially. Our stern forefathers had firm convictions and practiced harsh treatment. Scourging, ducking, tar and feathering, proscription and banishment were inflicted on the "traitors," varying with the degree of aid they had given England.



"HERE'S THE DEAR KNOWS WHAT AN' ALL OF DRILL FOR THE CAPTAIN BOY TO DIG INTO," SAYS DORRIE WINKING HER EYES OPEN OVER THE WAR SUMMARY

Dorothy's great-great-great-grandfather in his wide-flapping frockcoat of blue damask lined with velvet, white satin waistcoat, black satin tight knee breeches, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers with huge buckles covering the whole instep, wasn't the sort of man to take meekly any remarks derogatory to his King, his two sons who had died fighting, or his own eagle-nosed and dictatorial self. From what has come down to us great-great didn't have a good time of it, and the prouder we are of civilization, the less we want to read of what was done to him. To be sure, the treatment meted out was not countenanced by such men as Washington, Hamilton, Jay and Greene, but a peeved proletariat can find many ways of taking its sweet revenge surreptitiously.

NOBODY EVER HAS TIME ENOUGH AT THE RED CROSS TO DO HALF THE WORK THEY WANT TO.' LITTLE SISTER AYERS

At length the Loyalists agreed that expatriation would be safe-and-saner than this life under a new flag—the stars and stripes—since the stripes were applied here and now to the Loyalist's back and the stars were presumably not to be set in his crown this side of the other world. England was a long way off and she had troubles enough of her own in those days, but by and by she remembered great-great in his blue damask and misery, and she decided to find a home for him and his friends in the vast whispering wilderness to the north, known as Canada. Some were to go to Nova Scotia, some to New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island while the New York Loyalists would be aided to carve their way into the still more trackless wastes of Ontario. All would receive grants of land according to their rank and standing and the Canadian Government was instructed to play manna-distributor until they could raise crops of their own.

It was in the year of 1783 that the greatest exodus took place. The Loyalists of the Atlantic coast gathered in the seaport towns, where ships were provided. Those dwelling inland met at Niagara, Sackett's Harbor, Oswego, and the foot of Lake Champlain. These divided into two main streams, one moving eastward to the Maritime Provinces, the other going westward to the region north of the Lakes.

Longfellow made famous the expulsion of the Acadians from Canada in his poem, "Evangeline," but the story of the United Empire Loyalists is similar to it—only multiplied a hundred fold. Neither poet nor novelist has made use of it, and perhaps that is one reason why its intensely romantic features are known by so few. Here were aristocratic old Royalist officers of New York reduced from opulence to such a degree of beggary that they had neither clothing nor food nor money to pay for ship's passage. They were crowded with their families, and such of their household goods as had escaped raid and fire, on Government transports and foul fishing schooners bound for Halifax or Fundy Bay. Family plate, old laces, heirlooms—everything had gone for food

In St. John, New Brunswick, the 18th day of May is celebrated as the natal day of that city, for it was on that date in 1783 that the landing of the first Loyalists took place. Five thousand came that memorable summer. Others in great numbers landed at Halifax. This city of five thousand quartered them in churches, barracks and hastily-constructed shacks.

Those of the Loyalists who went directly into what is now Ontario had a long and hard journey. Though they could go part of the way by canoe, they had to travel hundreds of miles on horseback or on foot, carrying the "lares et penates" that had been spared from their old homes. South of the lakes lay deep morass, and almost impenetrable forests, full of hostile Indians, while the white people along the route were embittered by the war.

More strenuous still was the long migration from the South. Rich old planters of Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas and Georgia, who had been used to slaves by the score, jumbled their families together with fine chippendales and heavy walnut furniture in rude wagons, came up the Old Cumberland road to the Ohio River, and across from the Ohio to the southern townships of Quebec, to Niagara, Kingston, Toronto, modern Hamilton, and west as far as what is now known as London, Ontario

When the Loyalist arrived, the usual method was to proceed to the Government Land Agent and draw lots for the land that had been granted him. After which great-great had to permanently pigeon hole the blue damask in favor of snuff-color, bottle-green or claret. Thenceforward he built shanties —logs, one story high, plastered with clay for mortar, and carrying but one small window, through which great Aunt Eleanor's pet moose used to put his nose in later days.

England had set aside $15,000,000 to provide the Loyalists with everything that their situation rendered necessary—food and clothes for three years, or until they were able to provide for themselves; besides seed for sowing, and implements of husbandry Each family received an axe, a hoe and a spade; a plow and a cow were alloted to two families; a whip and cross-cut saw to every fourth family.

You can imagine a little of the ensuing struggle. A man may be an officer and a gentleman and a fine old head into the bargain, but that will only add variety and richness to what he says when he hits his thumb, if he hasn't been taught how to handle a hammer. Among the Loyalist names in Canada, many are found that duplicate those of the blue-blood families in the United States to-day. They had never done the work of the pioneer. But they had to do it now.

Indian corn and wild rice were the grains chiefly used. At first they were crushed between stones or with an axe. Later on the "hominy block" was designed. A hard-wood stump was hollowed out on top by fire, in this hollow the grain was poured and then pounded by a large wooden rammer or a stone. Some of the Loyalist cabins had no furniture but a bed, made of four poles with strips of basswood bark woven between them

As in all new countries the citizens banded together to help one another There were "sugarings off" held in the maple woods every spring for the season's supply of homemade sugar. "Harvest homes," "quilting bees," "log rollings" and "barn raisings" combined social and economic features. Everything was homemade at first; sugar, soap—tea was brewed from dry leaves

gathered in the woods—coffee was made from burnt peas ground up. This was the period of the superannuation of even the snuff-colored coat.

The mother of Dorothy's grandmother grew up to the sound of the spinning wheel, and homespun was no mere name for a rough commercial weave. Save the products of their own looms, the settlers could get nothing but Yankee calico at eight and ten shillings a yard, brought by the occasional pedlar from the south, and the best-gowned bride in the countryside was content with a wedding dress of book muslin at eighteen shillings. The poor even wore tanned deerskins.

By 1788 the United States had lost about 30,000 citizens to Canada. This is known in Canadian histories as the "Hungry Year," throughout the Lake Region. In 1787, just when they were being thrown on their own resources by the Government, the stubborn soil with which they were not on extra good terms at the best, rebelled against the Loyalists and the crops failed on all sides. There was plenty of game, pigeons and wild turkey being especially numerous, but the wherewithal to purchase shot and powder was lacking. Hungry men and boys would fish all day with rude contrivances, and usually with "fisherman's luck." Wild roots were dug for food, and nuts were collected. Men sold their farms for a little flour or coarse bran. In one settlement, a beef-bone was passed from house to house, that each household might boil it a little while and so get a flavor for the pot of unsalted bran soup

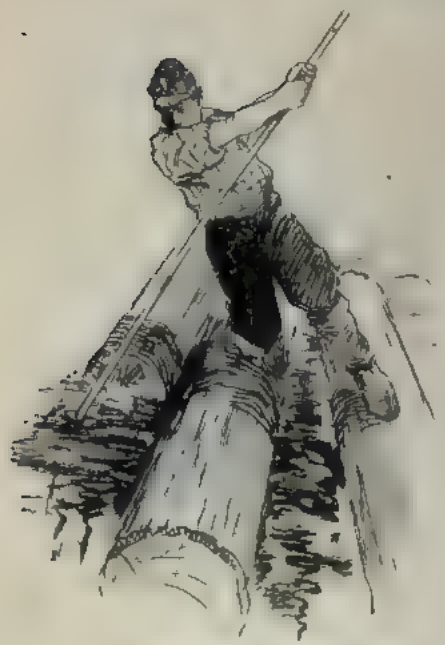
Fortunately a bountiful harvest was reaped that fall. In the future the Loyalists made provision for years of unsuitable seasons. Also they found that most of the blame for crop failures was due to their inexperience, rather than to nature. The stubborn energy of these pioneers, which had made them

Continued on page 256

Making a Man of Him

By Gordon Johnston

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes



THE JAM TIGHTENED AT EVERY BREATH

THERE was a gleam in Murphy's eye that anybody but a fool would have flagged as a danger signal. Brandon was not a fool. He was the common garden variety of idiot. Instead of pocketing the merited rebuke the lumber boss had administered he arose unsteadily to his feet and hurled an unspeakable name at Murphy followed by his half emptied glass. The next moment Brandon was hurtling through the air, a writhing, whirling mass of arms and legs. Hitting the rough log wall with the thud of a sack of flour he fell sprawling in the laps of the loggers seated on the low bench

The big boss took a hitch in his belt, opened the door and walked out. That was Murphy's way. Never in the lumber camps had he been known to strike a man. Of Herculean strength his blow—had he ever used one—might have felled an ox. In fact that was the reason of his manner of battle. He was afraid of himself. Whenever there was a rough argument and Murphy in it, all one had to do was to sit by and wait for his antagonist to be catapulted through the upper atmosphere. He never disappointed.

Early in his reign the crowd, discovering his mode of warfare, induced Larsen, a giant Swede, to enter the lists. Larsen weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds of bone and meat and they loaded him with pig iron, bringing him with ballast up to three hundred and ten. Then they sent him to give the Hibernian an argument. Larsen did—to the delight of the crowd and the joy of the camp bonesetter.

But Brandon was a different proposition, vitally different. The wild son of one of the stockholders, he had been sent up to the woods by his father in an effort to make a man of him. His own local city's gay white way wept at his departure and made bets that he would be back in a week. Only Brandon Sr. had perfect confidence in the big Irishman's ability to bring about the desired reformation.

Nor was his trust misplaced. If there was anybody on earth who could cure a "fresh kid" that man was Murphy. The method might be strenuous, but he would need no post-graduate trimmings.

It was impossible for Brandon to forget who he was or to lose the idea that he came into this vale of sin to do as he liked. He might—in other camps or other vales. But there was only one boss in Twenty-two and you didn't need a lantern to find him. Things usually went as Murphy wished them to, or someone paid the doctor.

The argument that had brought about Brandon's fight was trivial. In fact if there had not been an audience it is possible the boss might have ignored the officious youngster But there must be no suspicion in the men's minds or taint of favoritism. Brandon was an ass to presume on the strength of his family. In that camp there was only one family, and it called Adam "pop."

Young Brandon had received his second pay envelope and, unable to resist the old tempter, started with others of the outfit to impoverish himself before Monday morning. He had succeeded fairly well in the little saloon on the edge of the camp when the big boss strolled into the place There was nothing in Murphy's manner to bring about a quarrel. Unlike the majority of out-of-door men, his voice was as gentle as that of a soft spoken colleen of his own country Stranger than that, he said little. One might talk with him or at him for hours and get only an amused smile or a frown of interest. Words were golden with Murphy and he treasured them with a miser's greed. As he closed the door behind him his blue eyes scanned the heavy smelling crowd.

"Finish your boozing before sundown, boys," he said, "and get a good

sleep. We'll have a run to-morrow."

Some of the men nodded and others sent him a cheery, "Aye, aye."

But not Brandon. He resented what he deemed the interference of the boss. It was impeaching his liberty. Murphy might do the ordering on week days, but Sunday was any man's day. Larsen, the Swede, nudged him to shut up. So did Scotty Griggs. Wise counsel was wasted. The rank whiskey of the camp made Brandon eloquent. One word followed another until he found himself as described. Larsen picked him up and set him on a corner of the bench.

"You tam fool," he grunted, manipulating Brandon's injured shoulder, "don't you know that Murphy?" Larsen was speaking from experience.

"Yes," returned the Wild One with an unpleasant leer, "but I'll know him better 'fore long." Then a little flash of humor curled his lip,

"He's some cannon, bo, isn't he?"

The Swede thought he was. So did the bartender who at that moment was arising from behind the bar like Undine from her bath.

"The next time you have a tete a tete with the boss," grinned Happy Jack Salter, "do it by 'phone."

The crowd laughed. Brandon did not join them. His humor had left him and a frown swept over his face.

"Matt," he called to the bartender, "put me up a quart."

The dispenser of liquids, rubbing the flask with his dirty apron, laid it on the bar. Brandon passed over his money and pocketed the bottle. Receiving his change, he turned and without speaking left the cabin. Limping across the melting snow he lurched into the bunk house and dug out his kit from beneath his bunk. Groping among the tumbled clothes, he drew out a revolver. After a great swallow from the flask he crossed to the window and stood staring across the white waste at the little cabin under the pines. The grim light in his bloodshot eyes boded ill for someone.

Murphy paced his narrow cabin. Outside, the impenetrable darkness was like velvet. It was the season of a late moon. Twice he had started for the door only to pause and turn back on the threshold. Wearily he flung himself on the blanket covered couch and stared at the little oil lamp on the table.

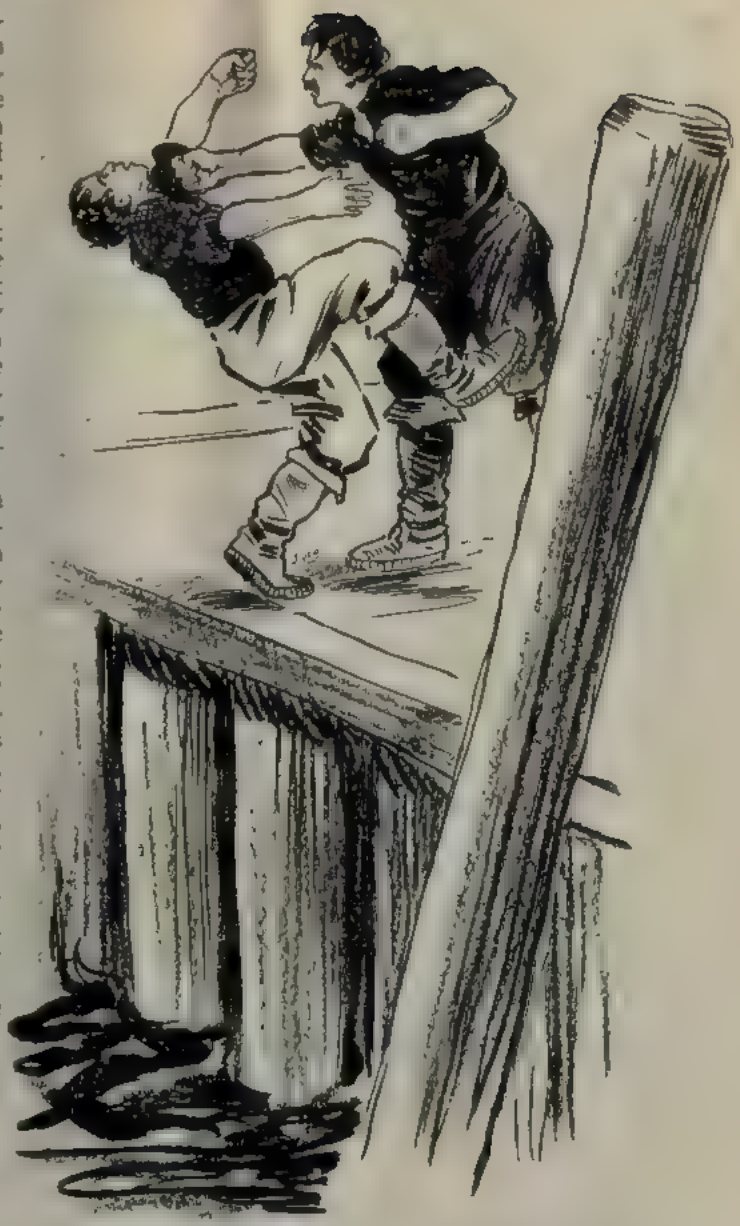
The altercation with Brandon had unnerved him as nothing ever had since one night nearly thirty years ago in the old country. Try as he might it was impossible to banish the haunting memory. Somehow or other the long forgotten event and the happening of the day seemed strangely of one kin. Murphy was genuinely fond of Brandon as he had been of that other—the companion of his youth. And somehow they were alike—very much alike. The wild streak was there in all its recklessness. But Brandon was here and where was that other——? Only God knew, though the prayers of the big boss had followed him all the years begging forgiveness.

They had been lads together—inseparable chums in the vales of Wicklow. Bloodbrothers were never closer. Laughing Terry Dugan was wild—wild as the birds of those old hills, with a jest for everyone and a smile for the colleens.

He could hear old Mrs. Dugan now saying: "Take care of Terry, John avic, for you're stronger than he, and the lad's a bit wild."

Murphy had taken care of him, in trouble and out of trouble. And when Terry took to drinking, time and again he had carried him home in his arms from the grog shop of Padrig Malone and put him to bed as he would a child. And then that night—the night when he lost his reason—when they both lost their reason, Murphy had put the wild lad to bed after an evening of carousing. Passing the thatched hut later he heard the sound of a commotion within. Pushing his way in he met a sight that sent the blood rushing into his brain with all the fury of madness. Terry—laughing Terry, that wouldn't hurt a bird by the roadside—had his old mother by the throat and was raining blows on her upturned face. The lad had gone mad.

And so had Murphy. With a hoarse cry he sprang across the floor and sent his big fist crashing against Terry's head. The insane fingers released their deathly grip on the poor throat and the next moment he lay white and still on the mud floor. Murphy fell on his knees and begged him to speak. There was no answer. And old mother Dugan bent over the prostrate figure kissing the fast chilling lips and murmuring endearments. Hot blood is madness—terrible madness



"DAMN YOU,' HE CRIED, "YOU SNEAKING WHELP! I'LL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU THIS NIGHT'

And in the dead of night it was old mother Dugan who took Murphy by the hand and led him to the ship riding in the cove and begged the captain to take "her boy—her boy Johnnie" to America that he was longing for. And Murphy had repaid her. She had become a mother to him. All the months of the years he had sent her a regular allowance and a letter of love. To-night the memory was heavy upon him. Brushing his hand across his eyes he arose and blew out the light. Throwing open the door he stepped out. The moon climbing over a hill of distant pines looked like a ghostly peeper from another world. Drinking in the snow scented air he started for the

long bunk house. As he did so a shadow darted from the shelter of a tree to another in his path. When Murphy came opposite two spits of fire cut the darkness in front of him. The boss felt a stinging burn along his scalp and then the warm blood trickling down his forehead. With a leap he bore the Wild One to the ground and wrenching the revolver from him flung it into the brush. Brandon got his fingers around the huge throat and over and over they tumbled in the snow before Murphy could break his grip. Then the Wild One took to clawing at his face. The devouring fire of battle was in the Irishman's eyes and a fury in his voice.

"Damn you," he cried, "you sneaking whelp! I'll take the fight out of you this night."

Scrambling to his feet he dragged Brandon after him. Getting a grip on the struggling, biting youngster he swung him aloft over his head. For a moment he held the kicking figure at arm's height. There was a towering pile in his path at the pier-edge not ten feet away. To be hurled against it meant death—broken and horrible. The red cords bulged out on the bull-like neck and his rage turned the man into a demon.

"Now," he cried, and his voice was like a roar in the still forest, "make your peace with God for you're going to him." The massive arms and body swayed back for the throw. The moon flared through a break in the pines and fell full on the contorted face above. Murphy threw his head back and found himself staring into the face of Terry Dugan. In a wave of weakness he swayed and another moment would have fallen. The powerful legs trembled under him as he lowered the Wild One to the ground. For a second he stared into the white face and releasing his hold turned and fled into his cabin.

. . . . . .

The logs, like a stately squadron, moved slowly out of the harbor, the water lapping their rough sides in an ecstacy of delight. The morning was sharp and crisp with the twang and taste of balsam on the lips. Happy Jack Salter was capering over the moving mass like a debutante at her first social. Scotty, long and rangy, was shouting at the top of his lungs a song about a houn' dawg he had heard in a concert hall twenty miles down the river. Brandon poled over the logs silently. If he had anything but kindly feelings for anyone, he also had no confidant. The big Swede worked cheerfully but grimly. A log run is a pretty, peaceful sight, but full of dangers. Larsen knew this from experience, and while far from being afraid he never flirted with death. The river after its frozen sleep ran with a swift moving current that bore its freight along with unusual speed. Murphy left the shore as the last of the fleet started and headed for Salter.

MURPHY'S POWERFUL LEGS TREMBLED UNDER HIM AS HE TURNED AND WENT INTO HIS CABIN

Half way across he was arrested by a cry from Brandon. The logs had gone into a jam in the Wild One's corner. It was not a cry for hands but one of distress. Murphy wheeled and shot a quick glance in that direction. The mass had already begun to end up, but Brandon was nowhere to be seen. With a cry to Larsen, Murphy leaped over the intervening space followed by Salter. The Wild One had fallen through and was pinned at his stomach line by two big pines. Murphy and the big Swede, making wedges of themselves, forced their bodies through the space to relieve the pressure. The jam tightened at every breath and the boy screamed with pain. The combined strength of the giants forced the logs to part as Brandon, suffering excruciating agony, fainted. Salter jumped to pull him out but as his hands closed over the Wild One's wet wrists the dead weight dragged Salter down on his face and the slippery wrists slipped through his grip and disappeared below. With a growl Murphy pushed his big shoulders through and plunged after him. It was a horrible chance to take but there was no hesitation. Down, down he went staring through the watery gloom —the logs overhead making it perfect darkness—with both arms outstretched praying that he would be in time. As his heavy boots hit the rock bottom his fingers came in contact with a piece of drifting cloth and he clutched it desperately. Above Larsen pulled himself to his feet to avoid being crushed to death and dashed excitedly down the logs.

"The current! The current!" he brayed like a man insane. If that was his thought it was also Murphy's. The dense floor above him permitted of no escape and he could only hang on to the body of Brandon, try and keep under water and drift with the current. Thrice on the journey his head came banging against the logs and thrice he forced himself and his load below again. His lungs were bursting in their effort to retain the air and he felt as though his head must crack and let in the watery night about him. He coughed and swallowed water which strangled him. Old friends drifted through his mind assuming the shapes of monsters. He was losing consciousness. Another moment and a rift in the black roof! A rift only as big as a man's finger — or so it seemed. He wanted to cry out. And then a spot—a spot of sunlight—God-sent. The current was tearing him away from it with the slimy fingers of an octopus. He fought —fought desperately, madly, insanely. At last, his head came out into the air and Larsen and Salter dragged him over the splashing logs. While the two men worked over the Wild One, Murphy fell gasping like a huge dog on the rough platform.

. . . . . .

"I'm glad you got here, dad."

Brandon Sr. smiled wistfully at the boy on the bunk and patted the arm that lay across his knees. It had taken the father six days to reach the camp from his mid-winter home in Florida.

"So am I, son," he answered with a big sigh of relief.

"It was Murphy, dad," the Wild One said with a faint smile, "he's a prince."

The man's hand closed over the Wild One's.

"Yes," he murmured, "Larsen told me. God bless him."

The brown eyes looked up in his own. "You won't forget him, will you?"

The look that passed between them was full of meaning. The Wild One closed his eyes and a smile of happiness crept over his drawn face.

"He's a prince," he whispered as if that was the biggest and only name he could find for him.

"Phil," said Brandon Sr. "I'll have to make arrangements to get you out of here. You'll need a little pulling together. How would you like to go south?"

Continued on page 256.

Made in Canada

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT A GIRL MAY TURN A SPOILED LOVE AFFAIR INTO A PERFECTLY GOOD STORY PROVIDED SHE IS SURE TO TAKE IT TO THE RIGHT EDITOR

By J. O. Johnstone

Illustrated by Nora Simcox

"WELL, it has the advantage of being made in Canada, anyway!"

So spoke Daisy Bernard with a little sigh as she finished reading for about the twentieth time a manuscript over which she had labored with eager intensity for several hours. "Let me see, now; shall I mail it or take it myself, I wonder?" Looking up with a thoughtful frown she met her glance in a mirror hanging over her desk and apparently what she saw there decided her, for humming softly, she hurried into her street clothes.

She made a bewitching little picture as she started forth, modishly attired in green broadcloth with mink toque, stole and muff which seemed to exactly match her curly hair and soft, limpid eyes. "I'll go to——Publishing Company first," she mused as she walked on. "I like their editorials and from the picture I saw of their editor I'm sure he would be nice. Wonder if my story is too sad? Most people have to live enough sorrow without reading it, but perhaps some other girl has just lost her fiance and it may comfort her to know there is someone else living through the same tragedy."

Daisy certainly did not look as though there was any tragedy in her life, but the facts of the case were these: Four weeks before she had suddenly, inexplicably and permanently quarreled with Gerald Dubois and returned his ring. Dubois, instead of grieving and growing haggard and drawn looking, in the approved manner, immediately became the devoted attendant of Mae Saunders. It is just possible this constituted the tragedy to Daisy rather than the loss of her faithless lover. Be that as it may, she had written a story about the affair, in which she figured as the gentle but abused heroine;

"LET ME SEE NOW, SHALL I MAIL IT OR TAKE IT MYSELF, I WONDER," SAID DAISY BERNARD

Mae the wicked and designing woman of great beauty, and Gerald the villain, —and a *very* black one.

As she climbed the stairs to the office she pictured the half-confused, obsequious manner in which the editor would receive her and offer her a chair. She would be very nice, indeed, and perhaps he would ask her if she cared to join their regular staff. She was tired of her empty, frivolous life, and she might,—but here she found herself at the door of the office and paused, wondering whether to knock or walk right in. Most public offices were the "Walk in" kind, but this one seemed different. The door looked rather forbidding and Daisy felt a little qualm as she gave a tap and then entered.

A dark, lean-faced young man was sitting at a littered desk with a cigar in his mouth. He gave her a half nod and went on reading. "Why, the nasty, insolent thing!" thought Daisy. She was a perfect stranger to the business world and had always been accustomed to have men fetch and carry for her with marked deference. To have this man regard her,—or rather not regard her at all,—was a decided change for her, and one which she did not relish. When he turned to her with a business-like "Well?" her eyes were sparkling rather dangerously. She had no mind to talk while standing, however, and glanced round for a chair. "Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the editor, following her glance and handing her his own chair.

"I've written a story," she began and awaited the usual burst of applause which would follow such a statement. Seeing she expected an answer, he gave a non-committal "Yes?"

"Yes, it's a true story," she went on. "It is rather sad, and I would have preferred a more cheerful ending, but you see it is a heart interest story and—" "I take it you wish to submit your manuscript to us for approval?" he interrupted. "If you will just leave it we will be glad to read it and if found available for our magazine we will pay you for

it on publication; if not, we will return the manuscript."

This would seem final enough for any ordinary person, but Daisy wasn't ordinary. She had the desperate feeling that she was being ignored, misjudged. If she could just get that wooden expression off his face she would soon assert herself and show him that she was no nonentity!

"Why, it's very nice of you to say you'll be glad to read it," she said conversationally, with a dimpling smile "I hope you will like it. I was quite undecided whether to mail it or bring it myself, but came to the conclusion I'd better bring it—" "May I ask why?" came startlingly from that editor person. Daisy's heart missed a beat and for once in her inconsequential little life she was absolutely dumb. She couldn't tell him that she had looked in the mirror, and, being in full possession of all her faculties had seen that she was very fair to look upon; and Esther-like had arrayed herself in her best to make a vivid impression on this man who had the power to say yes or no to her precious manuscript. She just stared at him and then she saw the corners of his eyes kinkle, his mouth twitch. She, Daisy Bernard, was being laughed at! Swift, blinding anger that she had stood so much took possession of her.

"Since you seem so omniscient you ought to know that!" she flashed at him and with a little slam of the door she was gone.

"Spunky little piece!" grinned the editor. "Always did like a girl with lots of spirit, myself. Glad she dropped the manuscript." As he picked it up a subtle perfume was wafted to him. It was written instead of being typed; rolled, rather than being flat and was painstakingly tied together in one corner. In the natural order of things that manuscript should have been returned with a polite rejection slip, but instead Daisy received a courteous little note regretting that she had misunderstood him that day, assuring her the story was very promising, and asking her to call with a view to considering some changes.

It took that story a long time to be completed. It necessitated many visits on the editor's part: sometimes they forget to discuss the story at all and of course he would have to come again. Then one night he told her that when he had written her story was very promising he had not meant the article so much, but the author:

"But it was made in Canada," protested Daisy flippantly. "I never think you would want home made products."

"So I do," responded the editor. "I want for my wife the sweetest little Maid in Canada!"

The Value of Vanity

BEING THE TALE OF HOW HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-ACRE SMITH NEVER GETS THE MOST FROM HIS FARM TILL MRS. SMITH FINDS OUT THAT THE NEXT-DOOR-JONESES HAVE A PARLOR ORGAN

By Elliott Flower

MY driver, riding out from Saskatoon to look over the surrounding country, was something of a philosopher.

Hardly had we started when he lit his cigarette and began to philosophize.

"The vanity of woman," he remarked, "ain't such a bad thing in the right place. It sure does do a lot of harm when it's misdirected or overdone or the conditions ain't right, but out here it also does a lot of good. It has done as much as any other one influence to develop this country, but we somehow don't seem to give her credit for it, and she don't seem to realize that she's entitled to it.

"Woman, speakin' generally, has a big stock of vanity or pride or whatever you want to call it. Mebbe I ain't got the right word. Anyhow, I mean the thing that makes her set great store by worldly things—nice clothes, a good house, fine furniture, and all that sort of thing. It's what makes her real happy when she can measure up to her neighbors and then go 'em one better, and real miserable when she can't. Many a promising man has gone broke tryin' to live up to his wife's idea of what's right and proper when he didn't have the cash to spare—wasn't makin' enough to do it -but it's likewise made some men prosperous when nothing else would—made 'em get out and hustle and study and find out things they never would have found out if left to themselves. Understand, I ain't sayin' that woman's work don't count a whole lot in this too, for it does. She works as hard in her way as the man does in his—mebbe harder—and she's a whole lot more self-sacrificin', up to a certain point. It takes courage—a great big hunk of courage—for a woman to come out here and do her share in starting a new farm, 'specially if she comes from the city, as many of them do. Woman likes company—she needs it more'n man—and there's the dreadful loneliness to fight first. She don't even get the company that the man gets, for it's mostly him that drives to town to buy anything that's needed. And there's more and harder work for her than she prob'ly ever thought there was in the world. Oh, yes, the woman does her share, and is brave and cheerful and self-sacrificin' and all that. She's entitled to more credit than she gets. But I'm not talkin' about that work. I'm talking about what is generally considered one of her failings. And it is a mighty handy thing to have about the house in many ways.

"Woman most always wants to measure up to her neighbors and her friends in a worldly way. She wants to dress as well as they do, live as well as they do, and have as many things of every kind as they have. Some don't, of course—some don't care very much how they dress or live, or how hard they work, so long as the money keeps pilin' up in the bank, but most of 'em do. And lots of those who don't care for themselves are mighty anxious that their children should look as nice and have as much as neighbor's children.

"Now that don't work out well in the city, where things is all pumbled up and the man with two thousand a year may be livin' next to a man with ten thousand. Little Mrs. Two Thousand

Continued on page 251.

THE LITTLE NEW PEDLAR

THE little new Pedlar went softly into the dim old hall where they ad left the Pack. It was August now aring, full-throated August, and they ad asked him to please forget that it ad been Somebody Else's Pack nd would he carry it down the road a ece? People were asking for such ares

It was cool in the hall. The sunine stopped a long way outside and u couldn't hear the birds.

"I can't—I can't," said the little new dlar over and over, "it would be too g for me. And the silks—the Other dlar knew of such things, being avelled and full of years—but I could ver rightly call their names

"And the jewels—I would fall a- ring at the hot color of them, and rget, and sit still in the sunshine in- ad of crying them. Oh no, no—if must be done, let somebody else do "

Then the little new Pedlar remem- red how he had been allowed to play th the Pack, once upon a time, lifting up and putting it down, and that the her Pedlar had smiled at him and d told him he had skill of such things id there was no one else to take e work

"But the silks—the names of them," faltered, putting out a timid finger d touching the lustrous lengths

"Life is not all silks," he seemed to ar; "could you not carry ginghams the Pack?"

It surely never was the Other Ped- 's voice, softened and far away ough the August sunshine. "Gold ops for a stately cloak? Yes, but big bone buttons too for common use and tiny milky pearls for a baby's dress. I always carried those, child- did you forget?"

The little new Pedlar went on his knees in the dim old hall. He was still for a long time. Then he asked that he too might help.

Next, very reverently, he took the great shining silks and the quaint jewels that he didn't know, out of the Pack, and he found little common things to put in their place. And he went down the road.

"And when I come to the dwellings that knew him best," said the little new Pedlar, "great, silent houses set in their trees: and when I find that their doors are barred against me through sorrow and bitterness of heart that the Other Pedlar does not come, I will go quickly and gather white flowers of the wood and lay them on the steps I may not cross. And pass on

"Then the masters of the houses, coming out in the cool of the evening, will find my flowers and they will say, 'He is not the Old Pedlar. But see, he does not try to be. He understands.'"

SHE HAS NO ILLUSIONS

"HER skirts are too short. She uses too much powder. There is a lip stick in her purse. And she has no illusions."

I said it myself, as I watched her drift down the summer street, nineteen or thereabouts and superabundantly glad of it. I had been interviewing the Big Man, and she was the Big Man's stenographer.

No, she had no illusions.

She was running round with the professional baseball crowd when Little Sister was studying algebra. She knew all about X-the-unknown-quantity when Sis was reading Elsie Books. To-day she discusses calmly and with great shrewdness, the doings and non-doings of every man in the building.

And yet—as she herself would phrase it—she's absopositively straight. She lives on her own little paycheck and she lives well. Because she has a digestion that will stand chocolate eclairs for luncheon, and dinner whenever the Chief gets through. Because she has a complexion, a figure and a tip-tilted pert young profile that looks well in anything she buys, makes or borrows from her chum.

But she has no illusions.

After all, why should she have? An illusion is a belief that something is, when it isn't; or a certainty that something else isn't, when it most assuredly is. In any case it has no marketable value while it lasts, and when it breaks, Lord help the once-possessor. Why shouldn't Nina Nineteen grow up as fluffily and as safely without such things?

She *is* better off minus illusions if she is willing to look Reality between the eyes. She *is* better off without the slim fence of convention if she possesses rockribbed morals and a serene and old-fashioned faith. Her friendships will be founded, not on what she thinks another girl has, but on what she knows she is. And when she falls in love, it won't be with a taking smile and a box of Turkish cigs.

She will understand her life-chum

because she has worked as he works, talked as he talks, lived his life in the throbbing, many-celled office building.

But all this depends on that "If". *If* she has the few deep fundamentals cut into the soul of her, the Thou Shalts and Shalt Nots of an old-fashioned generation that wasn't afraid to bow to Authority.

Otherwise—

The men she meets in business are high-strung, specialized to the last nerve-fibre for the directing of big enterprises; they are intense, alive, accustomed to get what they want and to get it damn quick.

The men she meets socially—her paycheck equals—are in the main forever of the great majority who loiter idly on the outskirts of progress. They are permanent three-figurers. They will never arrive.

See?

Nina Nineteen walks a straight and narrow road—a very narrow road. In the main, she sticks to it, head up, until she comes to the conclusion that Hamburg steak with a wedding ring is away ahead of Chicken King without.

But all the same her Guardian Angel knows—and I know—that she is one of those who have come up out of great tribulation.

THE BLONDE AT THE SEWING MACHINE

SHE was a languid blonde with the plump purposeless hands of the perpetual bridge player. But she was holding a long grey blanket seam under the rushing foot of the fastest sewing machine in the whole room and she had no time for talk.

I watched her all afternoon, covertly, over the neat little rolls of bandage that I made so expertly for all I wasn't a graduate nurse.

"She never looks up," I said to myself.

And each time that I came to the Red Cross Rooms she was just as busy. They told me she was there every day for she wasn't a working woman like me—at least she didn't earn her living that way. She certainly worked hard enough.

Then one afternoon when the little brown-eyed scrap of seriousness brought us our tea, a friend introduced me to the blonde girl.

There are just two topics of conversation at the Red Cross—the things we make, and their destination. We talked of both and the blonde girl talked well. She knew more about it than I did, much more. She knew the English regiments and their histories, their present whereabouts—as far as anyone not Kitchener could know such things—and something about their officers. She knew where Russia was and why and she could pronounce with the assurance of an old friend, names of places I had read for the first time in the war extras.

"Yes, it has been terrible for Belgium, terrible," she said at last, "but it has been good for Canada.

"Do you know," she added in a burst of that strange comradeship that grows between women who both have men in the Army, "before this war, I didn't think of anything but having a good time. And I was bored to death! There wasn't a thing I could see that was really worth being busy about—and yet I couldn't stop. You know perhaps what it's like in a small town—the same set, the same places, the same scandals, the same ideas. As long as you go you're all right but when you stop—oh it's all so terribly empty."

Her face looked older as she talked of it, set and haggard and tired.

Then all at once it lit up.

"But now—oh *now*," she said, "I've found something I can do and do well and it's worth doing—it's got to be done! Do you know, I haven't been to a single thing this winter except the Red Cross—oh and a few little knitting teas, but they were just the same. Almost all the men I know are at the Front. My big brothers are both in France now and my little brother is fairly eating his heart out to be a bugler boy. I think it's made the whole family, for none of us except Ted ever wanted to be anything before."

The tea was finished and the blonde girl turned away just as if she had heard the one o'clock whistles.

"I'd like to talk but I ought to sew," she laughed, "and after all you know, it isn't mine to choose. I'm just as much a part of it as Ted in the trenches."

THE UNPROVABLE TRUTH

TO be triumphant after victory is a natural phenomenon and in no sense to be commented upon. Doubtless the frill-backed dinosaur of the Jurassic Period felt the like. And the German of to-day.

But there is a solemn heroism that can rise superior to appearances, there is a paradoxical faith that blooms best and most riotous-defiantly when the last hope is gone. In the presence of this faith, whether we understand it or not, we as humanity take off our hats.

Not long ago I saw a crowd adrift down the city streets and I heard a band. There was something in the slow throb of the drum that told me it wasn't the Battalion on parade, nor yet a lodge-drill, nor baseballers being driven around an adoring town.

And yet it wasn't—couldn't be—that ghastly other sort of band-event where the Dead March in Saul drags its cold fingers across your tortured heart. This drum had a sure, reverberant swing to its baton-work that meant hope in the soul of the drummer.

And then the procession came around the corner and I knew.

After the band walked lines and lines of men in blue suits and women in poke bonnets. They all sang with the band was playing.

"In the Sweet Bye and Bye
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore."

It was a funeral—a military funeral too, if you will. But the drum was lettered in red, "Salvation Army."

I don't know who he was, this man who had slipped away from the big roaring town into the inter-stellar darkness. Humble no doubt, some workman with a little white cottage in the suburbs and a garden plot behind. No one had ever heard about him where he lived. No one but his friend cared about him now that he was gone. But the crowd halted a moment, in the noon rush he was just a type to be molded, one who had passed from the obscurity of his life to the anonymity of his unknown hereafter.

The significant thing, the thing that brought the wonder thrill with it was the way that his passing was treated by those to whom he had undoubtedly mattered.

They and their buglers marched through the solid twentieth century, steel-and-cement streets between the shrewd, the materialistic, the practical-to-me crowds, and they asserted positively, calmly,—no, joyously—that this man was not dead. He was absent, forgetful perhaps for a little while in the great quiet of Eternity. God had slid a semi-colon into the simple sentence of his life. But beyond the pause he would speak again.

The words were doggerel that they sang. The music was commonplace. Settled at their twelve-a-week work the men would have seemed equally unremarkable.

But a great idea—a huge overmastering unreasoning belief had them in its grip.

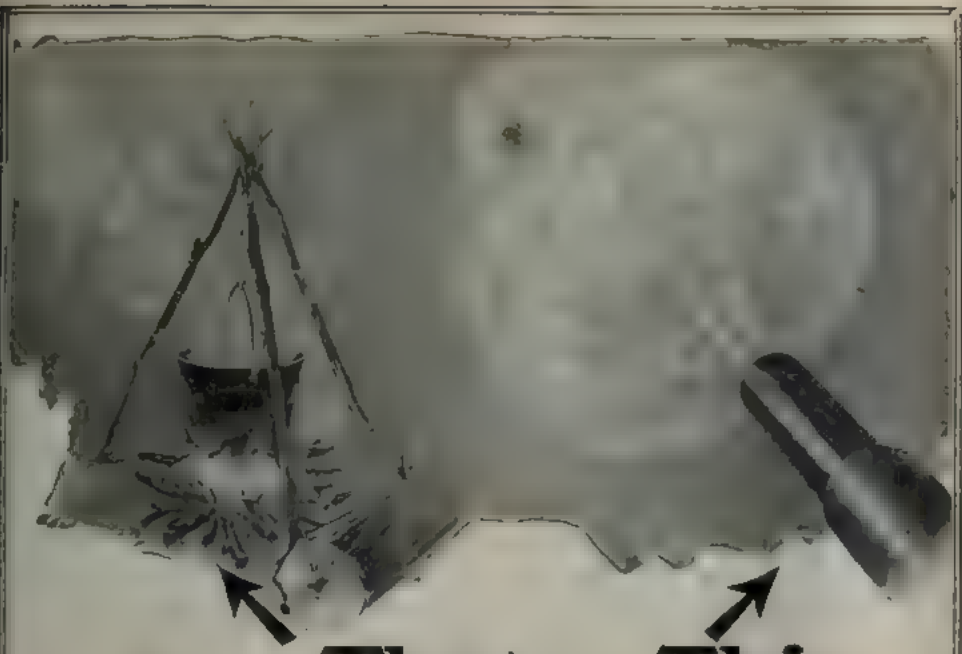
There was no death!

The drum throbbed with it. The band flung it triumphantly into the stony faces of the great bleak buildings. The singers straightened their tired bent shoulders, their eyes alight with the wonder, the unbelievable, paradoxical certainty of it.

They would meet "on that beautiful shore."

"What shore?" says the literalist, "and why beautiful?"

They couldn't tell you. They aren't theologians let alone psychologists. But to believe a thing, to have it roots in the soul of you and the great white flower of it in your life, it is all and never has been necessary to know why it is so.



From That to This In Cooking

How Puffed Wheat and Rice Evolved

Even the ancients—even barbarians—knew that grain must be cooked in some way. They boiled it or parched it or baked it. Modern peoples improved their methods, but little improved their results.

The effect, both in ancient times and modern, was to break up part of the food cells. Only a part. The rest were left unbroken, as in raw grain.

Then Came Efficiency

Then men awoke to efficiency, which means eliminating waste. In every line, things always done in half-ways were done better.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, then of Columbia University, applied efficiency to cooking. He said, "There must be some way to make all the grain food cells digestible."

And he found it. He found a way to explode each cell by turning its moisture to steam.

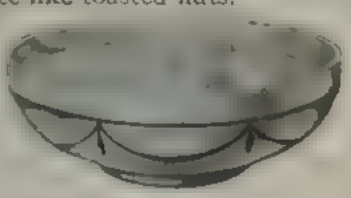
The process is long and heroic. It involves fearful heat. The grain must be shot from guns. But the result is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grains eight times normal size—with every food cell literally blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
EXCEPT IN EXTREME WEST

These foods mark the limit in cookery. But their enticements alone have won millions. These are bubbles of grain—crisp, airy and toasted. Almost as fragile as snowflakes. With a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections. Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with fruit, float them in your bowls of milk. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

But always remember that they easily digest, and that every atom feeds. These are perfect all-hour foods.



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Sole Makers **Saskatoon, Sask.**

9811

Diet of Shrapnel

Continued from page 206.

consolidated by the blood of British men from overseas, no longer insular, but Imperial in the broadest meaning of the term, the splendid product of slow ages, banding the world with power, the one and perfect guarantor of peace and progress.

In their last devotion to that time-enduring purpose, these splendid men, Canadians, sons of the British Isles, of Australia, Africa, Newfoundland and the United States, shall not have died in vain.

Opening a New Account

Continued from page 216.

Unable to bring Larry, she released him and hurried down alone.

"Why didn't you tell him the truth you hussy?" she demanded fiercely of Jenny. "Do you think that's any way to act when he tried to square you with your old man?"

Hicks knew her by reputation. "What 're you buttin' in for?" he growled. "You keep your mug out o' this an' don't you speak to my girl like that."

The woman snorted indignantly. "You're a bonehead, Hicks," she retorted. "You don't even know what you're talking about. That big guy, Donovan, comes out here with that kid o' yours and starts in to feed her cocktails an' then this gentleman goes up an' stops him an' you come along an' raise Cain with him for it. You big nut, you ain't got sense enough to see he's tryin' to look after your girl."

It took several seconds for the idea to penetrate Hicks' brain.

"Who was you down here with?" he asked Jenny at last. "Big Larry, or" —he jerked his thumb significantly at Mr. Teescroft—"him?"

Jenny was sobbing. The woman answered for her. "Big Larry," she said, curtly. "If he hadn't been so scared, I'd o' brought him to prove it."

Mr. Hicks looked first at Mr. Teescroft and then at Jenny. He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth?" he demanded.

"I tried to, pa," sobbed Jenny. Her father put his arm around her.

"I—er—Mr. Hicks," stammered Mr. Teescroft, finding his voice which had temporarily left him, "Larry didn't mean——"

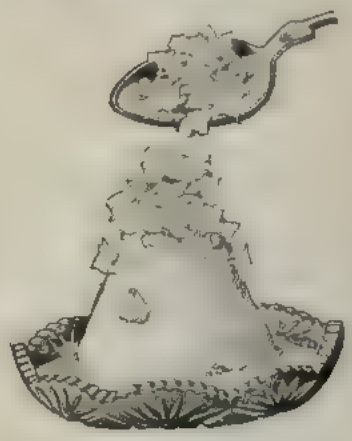
"Didn't mean!" ejaculated Mr. Hicks. "Hell!" He stuck out his hand to Mr. Teescroft. "Good-night and—thanks," he said, awkwardly. "I'm sorry if I made a mistake. Now,

A new idea for a fascinating dish! Ice Cream and

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

(10c a package)



Place a cone of Ice Cream in the dish, and smother with Corn Flakes at serving. You will find this delightfully refreshing.

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

Made in Canada, at LONDON, - ONTARIO.

$250 MOTORCYCLE TO BE GIVEN AWAY

For a little pleasant easy work for us in your neighborhood looking after our renewals and new subscriptions. No experience needed, anyone can do the work during spare time and easily win this fine machine. With a motorcycle you can ride miles and miles over-country, up and down the hills at almost any speed.

Write to-day for full particulars. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

then, Mr. What's-that-funny-name-of-yours, Jenny an' me is goin' home to cancel an order. Maybe you could manage to drop in to-morrow. I might open an account with you."

It was inevitable; Larry had lost. Mr. Teescroft could see that.

"All right," he said, sadly; "I'll be in."

Canadian Goethals

Continued from page 225

ors to exceed their tenders by any sort of subterfuge. J. L. Weller is a pleasant person to deal with, but he has a way with him that admits of no nonsense.

A useful man to have round in an emergency is the Chief. A few years ago there was a bad break in the Cornwall Canal that defied the efforts of the local staff to remedy it. There was confusion, and genuine consternation. Some one thought of Weller and "Send for Weller" was the cry. A wire was despatched to St. Catharines and J. L. was soon on the way. He came, he saw and he conquered. In what was really an incredibly short time, the quick-witted engineer had the break closed.

Another time the old steamer "Lakeside" sank at her dock at Port Dalhousie, just after the ice went out of the harbor, a plug having been left out of her hull. The Chief was again requisitioned and again he rose nobly to the occasion. He went to Port Dalhousie at 5 a.m., and by noon had the ship up and ready to sail for Toronto. It was quick work, but just the sort of short, sharp encounter that he revels in.

Despite serious trouble with his eyes, Mr. Weller is still a keen and skilful golf-player. He is reputedly one of the best performers on the links of the St. Catharines' Club. This is his special pursuit in summer and he indulges often in its delights. For the rest he is proficient at many other games and enjoys remarkable luck in any pursuit in which the element of chance enters. His mind is quick, his judgment good and he is time and again resorted to for advice on all manner of propositions. As an inventor he might have been distinguished, were it not for an unfortunate propensity to rest on his oars just when success was about to be achieved.

As an example of this trait of character, one need only point to the two enormous concrete poles erected over the old canal in St. Catharines. They were an invention of his, demonstrating his ability to make poles of great height from reinforced concrete. He went to England ostensibly to arrange for patenting his scheme and forming a company to manufacture them, but no sooner had he landed than his enthusiasm died down. The sights and sounds of London diverted his attention and back he came without accomplishing anything,—all of which goes to prove that he is undoubtedly in the genius class. Such quixotic proceedings are only to be expected from persons of a peculiar temperament.

The man himself is a very charming personality and is extremely popular among his associates. When it comes to dress he is eccentrically unconventional. He is one of those people who buy a suit of clothes or a hat and never make a change until they are quite worn out. As for shaving, it is a nuisance and only to be endured on compulsion. The exterior is seemingly none too prepossessing but underneath there is pure gold. Never was a decenter, kinder fellow than he, nor one whose voice rings with a deeper, mellower note. He is a delightful companion, having a mind stored with a wealth of information on all sorts of subjects. He tells a story well and enjoys a hearty laugh.

The Welland Ship Canal is the monument which J. L. Weller is erecting to the glory of his name. By-and-bye, when the great grain carriers of the Upper Lakes begin to traverse it, the public will come to a better appreciation of what its construction means and what is due to the man whose genius conceived and carried it to completion. It is Mr. Weller's great life work and to it he has given and is giving his best. He builds well and truly and with an eye to the fast growing requirements of the future. The earlier canals were rapidly outgrown. This one will undoubtedly do duty for many years. Meanwhile the engineer makes no boasts and claims no praise. He will wait till his great task is completed and his plans are justified.

Major B. J. Saunders

Continued from page 225.

thusiasm for the soldiers and the soldiers' wives. Not alone that, she is treasurer and purchaser for the St. John's Ambulance Association in Edmonton, which has been untiring in its efforts and work of providing comforts for the men of Alberta first and then of Canada, in Red Cross supplies.

The two daughters of the family have—since the war—entered the training classes in First Aid and Home Nursing, both obtaining their diplomas with honors. So if the women of Canada are called upon to show their colors in a practical way, where will you find a more useful or competent family than the Saunders?

At the Cross-Roads

Continued from page 204.

"I'm not!" said the girl indignantly, "but if I was, I got the right, haven't I?"

"You bet you have, bless you," said Clifton.

And so it chanced that the same handsome private sat on the same white bench in the peanuts—downstairs being full—and saw the same Pauline pant for perils, since they change films only three times a week at the Olympic, and heard the same blue-chiffonette do her vaudevillian substitute for singing. But this time, he saw it all through other eyes, eyes that were near to weeping over the dead baby in the sob-stuff film, eyes that rounded with admiration when Alice Joyce sat in her gilded cage and ate oysters.

"Gee, don't you just love the movies!" said Cynth with a long sigh, as the heroine rested her head on the hero's shoulder and gave her specialty kiss. "I don't get here more'n two or three times a month—you don't, when you can't make four a week if you died for it—so, when I *do* get, I just look and look and look my eyes *full* and then I've something to think about Isn't it queer now—you're used to all that sorta thing, clubs an' valets and that, I suppose. And yet you're giving it all up for your country. I think it's grand of you! I couldn't do it. If once I was happy—honest-to-God *happy* —I don't believe anything would make me let go."

The walk home after the show was an odd mixture of philosophy and melodrama. Cynth considered her friend awfully lacking in general culture when he acknowledged that he didn't know Francis X., from Earle Williams. And that he'd heard Marv Pickford was at the *Clyde* all last week and had had the price and yet hadn't taken her in.

About the war she was as vague-minded as she was definite in regard to her movie-stars. K. of K. was great because everybody said so—except Lord Northcliffe—and besides he looked it. She had him up over her bureau in the boarding house. The Kaiser was a cross between Mephistopheles and a film-villain. But Francis X., always knocked the Spaniard out in the big scene—or the wicked mine-owner, or the yeggman or the he-vampire or whoever had the ill-luck to play Darkness to his Light. And undoubtedly K. would also put it over the mad Emperor in the end.

But in the meantime, there was the Umpty-steenth, now, that hadn't oughta be in it at all, since she vehemently hoped and believed the war would be over first.

They nearly had a quarrel about that. It got so hot that they stopped on a

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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

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The Big Northern Navigation Fleet covers all the best routes through the enchanting waters of Lake Superior—Georgian Bay, and the wonderful 30,000 Islands.

From the light draft "Waubic" which wends her way among the myraids of islets to the big steel Floating Hotel "Noronic"—all are admirably suited to the routes they serve.

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Cruise No. 3 From Toronto via Collingwood (Grand Trunk to Collingwood) to Port au Mais and return, via Owen Sound, Soo, eight days $ from Toronto, $47 from Collingwood.

Cruise No. 4 From Toronto via Collingwood (Grand Trunk trains to Collingwood) to Soo Mackinac and return, via Georgian Bay Ports five days $40 from Toronto, $25 from Collingwood.

Cruise No. 12 30,000 Island Cruise [illegible] Parry Sound to Penetang

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may mean almost anything —— Good, Bad or Indifferent.

But a cup of

SEAL BRAND COFFEE 157

MEANS JUST ONE THING—the most delicious beverage ever poured into a coffee cup.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

street-corner, Clifton mad all through that he couldn't make her see it, Cynthia mutinous but finally silent.

"All right," she agreed, "I won't never say so again. But I hope it, so there. And I'll pray too. You shant have everything your own way!"

On the steps of the little wooden house beside the track they said good-night. There wasn't any what-you-might-say parlor, so he couldn't be asked in

"You—you said I needed somebody to take care of me—back there in the restaurant," said Clifton at last. "Do you suppose you could take it on for as long as the Battalion's here? We could go to the movies every night if you wanted to, and have dinner together whenever you felt like it—that is, if your other friends didn't feel cut."

"I haven't any, except some of the girls. And they all got fellahs."

"There aren't any other men, then?"

"No," said Cynthia frankly, "an' if there was, it wouldn't matter."

And so began the strangest chapter of Bob Clifton's strange biography the Crossroads Chapter as he called it mentally—all the more dreamlike in its fantastic unreality because nobody knew when the Colonel would get orders from Ottawa and the Battalion would pull out.

Every evening, unless there was a route march, he would meet her, varying the meeting place out of deference to the eyes and the tongues of the Snapcornettes, and after dinner they would chase up to the peanuts—Cynthy felt more at home there, and besides they could talk. The ushers grew to know them by and by and other people who dropped in once in a while got to listen for the bubble of merriment that the brown-curl-kid always accorded to the somersault and squeak of the comedy policeman, or the inimitablenesses of the Man Who Was Funny With His Feet.

On the repeat-nights when there weren't new screen stunts to witness, they took a canoe down the river, or they walked into the odorous country, talking of everything under the sun, but mostly of Bob and Cynthy. Clifton even accomplished the impossible and sat decorously in church beside his devout little friend. And so, in a surprisingly short time, they grew to know each other uncommonly well

And then one night, there was no Bob at the meeting place. Cynthia hung around for a while and went home, vaguely uneasy

At a few minutes after nine there was a knock. The family were out. But Cynthy knew anyway that the summons was for her.

It was a very white, very still and yet terribly moved Bob

Grow Corns If You Will

But don't keep them

One can't well avoid corns in these days of dainty shoes. But it's folly to keep them, pare them and doctor them.

A chemist has invented a way to end corns quickly. It is known as **Blue-jay**. Attach it and the corn pain stops at once. Then a bit of wax called B & B wax—loosens the corn very gently. In two days the whole corn disappears without any pain or soreness.

It seems magical. After a **Blue-jay** plaster is applied, the shoe can't hurt the corn. After 48 hours there is no corn to hurt.

Folks have proved this on some 70 million corns. They are removing in this way a million corns a month

That's why corns are not so common as they used to be. **Blue-jay** plasters came—folks found them out—and half the corns that grow today are quickly ended by them.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
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"It's come kiddie," he said quietly, "we pull out day after to-morrow."

For a moment they stood there, silent, on the little verandah by the track. Then the man added slowly, "I've the whole day off though—I told them I was going to get married."

"Married?" it was little more than a whisper, "oh Bob—who to?"

Clifton's voice was husky and it shook. He put his hands on her shoulders and held her off a little from him.

"To you, dear, if you'll have me. You know me—good and bad—I've told you everything. And I think you'd have known it anyway, even if I hadn't. You've taken care of me all summer and for the first time in years I can look up Yonder where you say God is, and feel clean."

"But—but—your mother and all," said the girl, "what'd they say? You know I'm not your kind."

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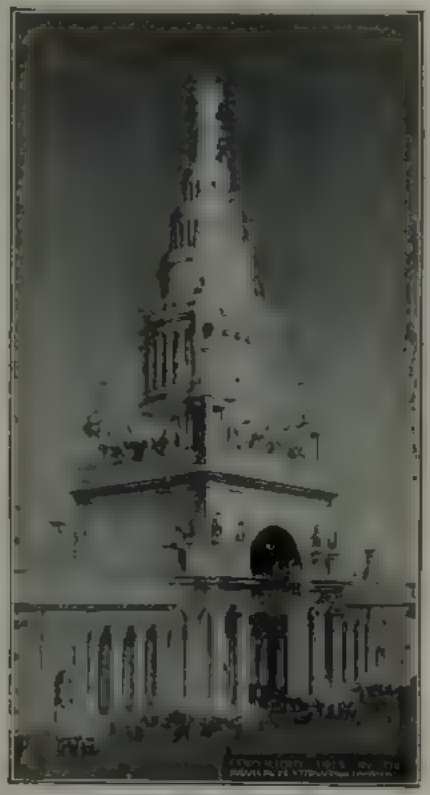

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G. T. BELL,
Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal, Que.

W. P. HINTON,
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal, Que.

"My kind be damned! What good have they ever done me, I'd like to know?" said Clifton bitterly. "The one thing I'm worried about is tying you up to a man who may be dead in a trench this time next month. But I thought—anyhow if we were married you'd get your separation allowance so you wouldn't have to work so hard at that confounded factory."

Cynthia drew back quickly.

"Was that why?" she asked in a queer strained little voice.

"No!" thundered Bear, "that was the least part of it. I asked you because I love you with all my body and soul. I asked you, oh, kiddie, *because I need you so!*"

If Prince Charming had lighted down at the ricketty verandah steps and had offered himself and his coach and four to little Cinderella from the Snapcorn, she'd have sent him away again into the rainy night. She wasn't fit to be a Princess. And she didn't want to be worshipped.

But when he came to the wee wooden house sick and ashamed and needing her—oh then she would run to him! She was of kin to Mother Eve who loved her man the better when God had cast him out of Paradise.

"Well?" he asked, smiling, "little Crossroads Kidoie, will you do it?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" Cynthia cried to him, "I loved you when you sat out there, years and years ago. I've loved you more an' more an' more every day. You're all I've ever had—you're just *me*! If you die over there in France, you'll wait for me somewhere till I get through making Snapcorn, won't you?

"But I don't believe you're going to—I don't! We've found each other in the middle of this awful war and now God wants to know if we can stand losing each other again. But He isn't going to keep it up—oh I know, I know He isn't! He's just borrowing you.

"And as for that separation allowance," said Cynthia an hour or so later, "I don't want it. I'd rather go right on earning my living like I'm used to. No no, don't you interrupt me. Can't I give something to the Empire too?"

Next morning the August sun shone on white tents getting folded away, and khaki-men hurrying hither and thither with lit eyes and eager voices. It shone too on little old St. Stephens, shabbiest of churches, set in the middle of a business block.

Early, early—so early that he wasn't through his breakfast—the organist had had a call from a soldier who looked very handsome and very boyish, for all the lines on his face.

"I'm being married to-day at St. Stephens—ten o'clock," he said, and the little girl has set her heart on just one thing. She doesn't want flowers or guests and she can't have a trip, but

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SAUCE
The World's Appetiser
is used on the dining tables of the British and Canadian Houses of Parliament.
Grocers and Stores over here are selling H.P. freely.

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Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound — whispers even do not escape them. The relief of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Whoby or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS—giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

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Take Elmwood Ave. car to North St. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls" also for Special Taxicab Arrangement.

C. A. MINER, Manager

she does long for a wedding march. Only it's not to be Mendelssohn nor Lohengrin either, but God Save The King. Could you find time to do it for her?"

And so it came to pass, when the white haired canon who had three boys at the Front, had finished reading the solemn words, with the morning sun through the deep-toned windows for sole witness, that a continentally famous man who was due to play the great organ at the Panama Exposition, let loose the rolling thunders of the National Anthem

The little bride lifted her white face. There were tears in her eyes—splendid tragic tears of self-abnegation and of thrilled hope. She was honest-to-God happy, deliriously, solemnly happy. And she was giving it up.

As they came out into the sunshine they heard the bugles of the other Battalion, the unfavored, stay-at-home Battalion, that didn't get chosen.

"It was Last Post when I saw you first, kiddie," said the man as he listened, "but now I think it's reveille. We may have to wait for it a while. But there's a new day coming. And it'll be ours."

A Flyer in Politics

Continued from page 222.

how, despite the fact that you were very busy, you had made her stay a more than pleasant one."

"I can assure you, Sir Alpheus," Brown replied, "that any attention I have been able to give your sister has been a thousand times repaid. The fact is that we have been awaiting your arrival with no ordinary feelings. You will remember all that I told you that night we spent together here. You interested yourself in seeing me started on a public career. Well, the big movement in Spirit Lodge has put me in the position where I can take advantage of the offer, should it come

"Like a fairy tale!" interjected Sir Alpheus. "But you must not expect to come on so rapidly when you get into British politics. It will take at least half a dozen years, I should say, before you can make the Cabinet."

"Oh I've known how to wait in the past," resumed Brown, "but speaking of fairy tales, you have not heard the end or the best part of mine. When I make my campaign in England, I expect to have an influence on my side that I did not count on at first. The London papers will shortly announce that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. William Brown and Miss Rhoda Newton, this being the culmination of a romance in the far Canadian West, to which Miss Newton accompanied her brother early in the year."

"You don't mean it," ejaculated Sir Alpheus, grasping Brown's hand and giving Miss Rhoda a brotherly embrace. "Where else in the world could all this have happened in a month's time?"

"By the way," he added, "all we want for a perfect climax is the right kind of word from the committee It is just possible that there may be something from them downstairs."

A moment later he read this letter to them:—

Dear Sir Alpheus:——

I am instructed by our committee, which held a special session this afternoon and of which I have now the honor to be secretary, to authorize you to tender to Mr. William Brown, of Spirit Lodge, the nomination in Walden-on-Trent. The sitting member is about to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds on account of continued ill-health. As you know, he has carried the riding by a continually decreasing majority at the last three elections, but with the proper candidate we think that we can win on this occasion. There is a strong imperial sentiment there and we think that with a colonial of ability, who would be in a position to make an energetic campaign, as our nominee, everything would go well. You mention in your cablegram that Mr. Brown would be willing to bear the financial expense. This is by no means small, if success is to be assured He should be prepared to make a contribution to the party funds of five thousand pounds. As the contest is to be brought on almost immediately, the committee would suggest that he should furnish you with two thousand pounds forthwith, which you could forward to the proper officials without delay. The committee also trust that your own affairs will permit you to return to the Old Land in time to take part in the campaign on behalf of your young friend, from whom we expect so much and for bringing whom forward we are under no small obligations to you,

I remain, dear Sir Alpheus,

Very sincerely yours,

H. Vere-Jones.

"Capital," exclaimed Brown, "Cable my acceptance to-night. I'll arrange about the draft in the morning. It is fortunate that I have everything in such tip-top shape that I can pull out by the end of the week. We'd better get the wires busy and secure our steamship reservations. You'll come over with me, of course. I'd like to have you both near me during the fight."

"Well, it happens," answered Sir Alpheus, "that I had arranged to go to British Columbia before I started back. But I'll just have to make another trip a little later. I have some business, though, that will keep me in Winnipeg for several days. Rhoda and I had better leave to-morrow and await you there."

"How about announcing my candidature in the local papers?" asked Brown.

"Please yourself, of course," said Sir Alpheus after some deliberation, "but it strikes me that the effect would be much better if you simply stated that you were going for a trip to Europe and then let the news come back in due course. Nor do I think that it would be wise to mention your engagement to Rhoda. That also should come through the proper channels. The newspapers of this continent do handle these things so shockingly! Who can tell what ridiculous headings they might not use about a real estate magnate picking a flower of the British aristocracy?"

VII

Brown became more and more of a mystery during his last few days in Spirit Lodge. His partner he surprised by proposing a dissolution of their arrangement on terms which

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak.

The No. 1 Autographic KODAK, Junior

Now fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f.* 7.7 and the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter.

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Here are efficiency *and* economy

THE LENS. The Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 7.7 lenses are slightly faster than the best Rapid Rectilinears. But their marked superiority lies in the perfect definition (sharpness) which they give up to the very corners of the picture. They are not as fast as the most expensive anastigmats, but they are fast enough for the usual hand camera work and no lens gives *sharper results.* Made exclusively for use on hand cameras, they meet the hand camera requirements.

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AUTOGRAPHIC It is "autographic," of course All the folding Kodaks now are You can date and title the negative easily and permanently at the time you make the exposure

A BIT OF DETAIL. The No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Jr., makes pictures 2½ x 3½ inches. It measures 1⅛ x 3¼ x 6¾ inches. Has brilliant, reversible, collapsible finder, tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures; covered with fine seal grain leather and is well made in every detail. Simple to use, efficient in its work and economical to operate

THE PRICE.

No. 1 Autographic Kodak, *Junior* with No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f* 7.7.	$15 00
Do., with No. 0 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Rapid Rectilinear lens,	10 50
Do., with meniscus achromatic lens	9 00
Autographic Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¾ x 3¼	20

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The World's Finest Tea

"SALADA"

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Tea out-rivals and out-sells all others, solely through its delicious flavour and down-right all-round goodness.

Get Your Farm Home

from the

Canadian Pacific

GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate churches public schools good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because *our* success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where *every* acre will produce as large crops as the highest priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada at a price from $11 to $30 per acre—irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance with 6% interest, in 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many good farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

We Lend You $2,000 for Farm Improvements In the irrigation districts if you want it, we will lend you a large sum of money to assist you in developing your farm. If you are an experienced man of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work without delay more than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, stake a well, etc.—interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to $1,000 Worth of Livestock

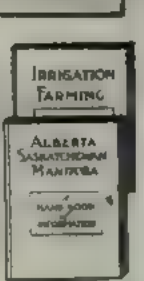
To approved purchasers of unirrigated lands we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000 and [illegible] note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming, a success assured. **If you want a ready-made farm—our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established, ready to step into, select one already cultivated by our agricultural experts. Here are improved farms, have houses and buildings, [illegible] crops fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results, all planned and completed by practical men who know our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service: expert advice—the valuable assistance of great demonstration Farms in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance money, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such low prices **and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information about your needs in this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Province and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY always the best day.**

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming. Irrigated lands for intensive farming of certain crops, for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.



Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great population, which assures higher prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last great West. The present time, your opportunity—don't delay. Investigate—you owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first—no time is precious. **Write today for books—Illustrated.**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Dept. of Natural Resources

20 Ninth Avenue West **Calgary, Alberta**

For Sale—Town Lots in all growing towns, on lines of Canadian Pacific Railway.
Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in these towns.

Anderson regarded as in the nature of a gift of large proportions. He had usually talked very freely with his banker about his affairs. But when he went in to see about Sir Alpheus' draft, they were strangely evasive answers that he gave to the mild quizzing that met him. In respect to all loose ends of business, he showed a generosity that belied entirely the reputation that he bore. After the Newtons left, he was more peremptory than ever in his demands that any dealings which anybody had with him should be closed up. He did not want to haggle about the terms but settlement there had to be. He was off for a long holiday, for which he had worked very hard, and he did not wish business letters to follow him.

He arrived at Winnipeg sooner than he had arranged for. But Rhoda and her brother were not at the hotel where he was to meet them.

A search of other registers was fruitless. Rhoda must have been taken ill on the way and they had stopped off, intending to reach Winnipeg by the time appointed. He was lucky enough to find the porter of the car on which they had left Spirit Lodge.

"Why, yes," said the colored man, "I remember the parties you mean. They were both all right when they changed to the south branch at Warwhoop Junction."

Brown tried to be patient.

"They're likely to turn up at any time now," he reassured himself, "Sir Alpheus has thought of some business in the south country. But they can't delay much longer and catch the boat."

At the end of the third day it was a case of taking the train east the next morning or missing the steamer. So he sent this cablegram to Mr. Vere-Jones at the party headquarters:—

"Sir Alpheus delayed. Prefer to wait for him but if necessary shall start for London immediately."

In the morning he paid the tolls on the following reply:—

"Some mistake. Undersigned is secretary of party executive. Sir Alpheus not known here.

P. S. Kelly."

VIII.

Nine months later a man from Spirit Lodge ran across Brown on the street in Seattle.

"Well, where did you spring from?" he asked, "I hadn't heard you were back from England. We thought you intended to stop over there and marry into the aristocracy. Some of the gossips up our way said quite positively you were engaged to that fine looking dame that was around with that Sir Somebody you had in tow before you left. How much did you sting him for? People thought you

were crazy in jumping out of the real estate game just when it seemed to be shaping up to its best. But you were the wise young man all right. It puzzled us all, though, to know how you could have seen the storm coming."

"I am afraid," said Brown, "that you will have to explain. You see, I changed my plans on leaving Spirit Lodge and went for a trip to South America At Valparaiso I had a chance to ship with a tramp steamer and am now just back from the other side of the world."

"I have news for you then," broke in the man from back home. "They started in to build the railway all right, but no sooner had they a few hundred yards of grade thrown up, thinking the guarantee bill would go through for sure, than old Stubbs sprang a surprise by resigning from the Cabinet, as a protest against the railway policy. He carried with him three-quarters of the members from the south, where feeling had been mighty strong, as you know, against the scheme. The old gang stuck to the ship as long as they could but finally had to give in to the mutineers. Old Stubbs was called on to form a government and the railway was sent to Kingdom Come. Oh, but the slump that came in Spirit Lodge was awful!

IX.

Brown left that night for Vancouver where an old friend had his affairs in hand. They had arranged before he started out that the bulk of the money that he had brought from Spirit Lodge should be invested in securities that offered moderate but certain returns

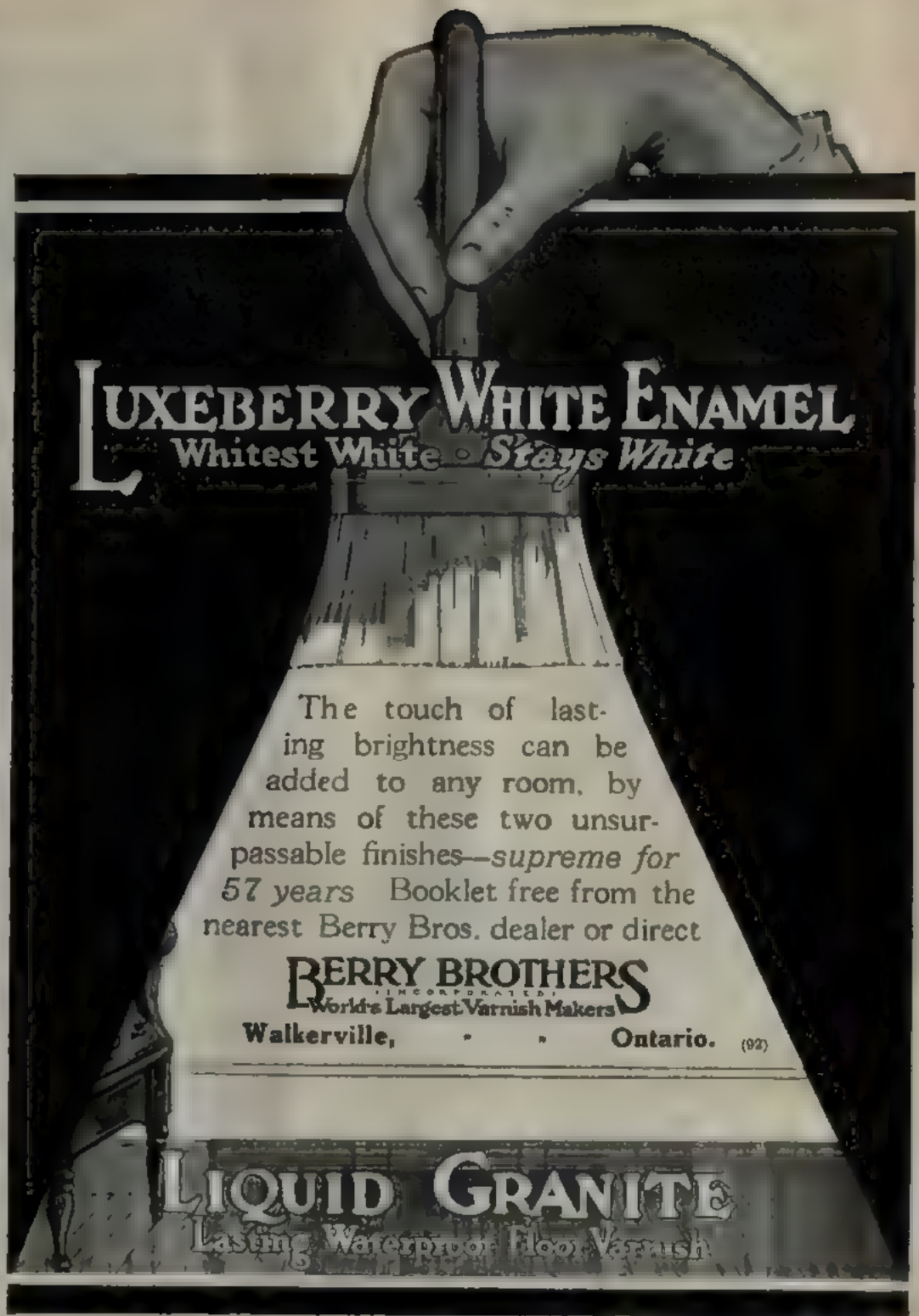
For nearly a year he had tried to forget that there was such a thing as a newspaper with a financial page. But "Money and Risks" was the department that he was reading as the train sped out of Seattle. It was quite clear to him, after studying the quotations, that he was a much wealthier man than when he had last touched Canadian soil.

He folded the paper over. There stood out, on the back page, two familiar faces. It was Sir Alpheus and his dear sister. But these were not the names under the illustrations, nor those which appeared in the despatch from Denver alongside. It told of the arrest of a man who was in the habit of passing as a titled Englishman and of a woman who was sometimes represented as his wife but more frequently as his sister or his ward. They had been known to the police for a long time, but their methods of operation were such that the people whom they fleeced were nearly always averse to prosecuting them.

"With each successful campaign," the despatch read, "they grew bolder But at last they tried their arts on a man who was not afraid of having them run down, even though in taking the stand against them, he showed his own weakness to the public gaze"

"That undoubtedly goes home," mused Brown, "but after all why should I harbor any ill feelings towards them? They gave me some anxious moments and they took my good money. But think how much they made for me and think of the reputation as a Heaven-born financier that I am going back to! Besides, if I'd really gone into politics and married a blue-blood, how long would ten thousand dollars have lasted?"

"Mother"
"What is it, dear?"
"Are you a human being?"
"Yes, of course, my darling."
"Am I a human being?"
"Certainly, love."
"Is father a human being?"
"Well,—yes, I suppose so."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Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley.

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says. "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade
Vanderhoof, B. C.

"The Dominating Center of Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon.

C. M Atcost

BOARD OF TRADE,
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I wish to get a farm of .....acres for .....

at about $.....per acre. My resources are about $..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

Compass and Cross

Continued from page 212.

glass cost two skins and a laced coat, six.

Despite the seeming disparity in values, history concludes that from the seller's standpoint, La Salle gave the Indians a square deal and in consequence they liked him. When he returned to Montreal in 1683 after he had explored the Mississippi to its mouth he was equally popular with his own countrymen. Trouble was beginning between New France and New England to the south, but in these political squabbles the explorer took little interest. He sailed to France, was made much of by the court, and returned across the Atlantic with a shipload of colonists whom he hoped to establish at the mouth of the Mississippi after he had reached it via the Gulf of Mexico.

But alas, the gallant leader miscalculated the position of his river, and after spending weary months in the pathless tangle of forest and swamp through which the Father of Waters slides to the sea, the men who had followed La Salle mutinied against him and killed their unsuccessful guide.

Back home in Montreal they could scarcely stop a moment in their ceaseless warfare against the Iroquois to wonder about the gay-hearted adventurer who had left them, his head dizzy with dreams. Champlain had died in disappointment years before; Marquette had held his crucifix before his glazing eyes, alone among an alien race; La Salle would go out as intrepidly no doubt, his vision, the Land that Was To Be.

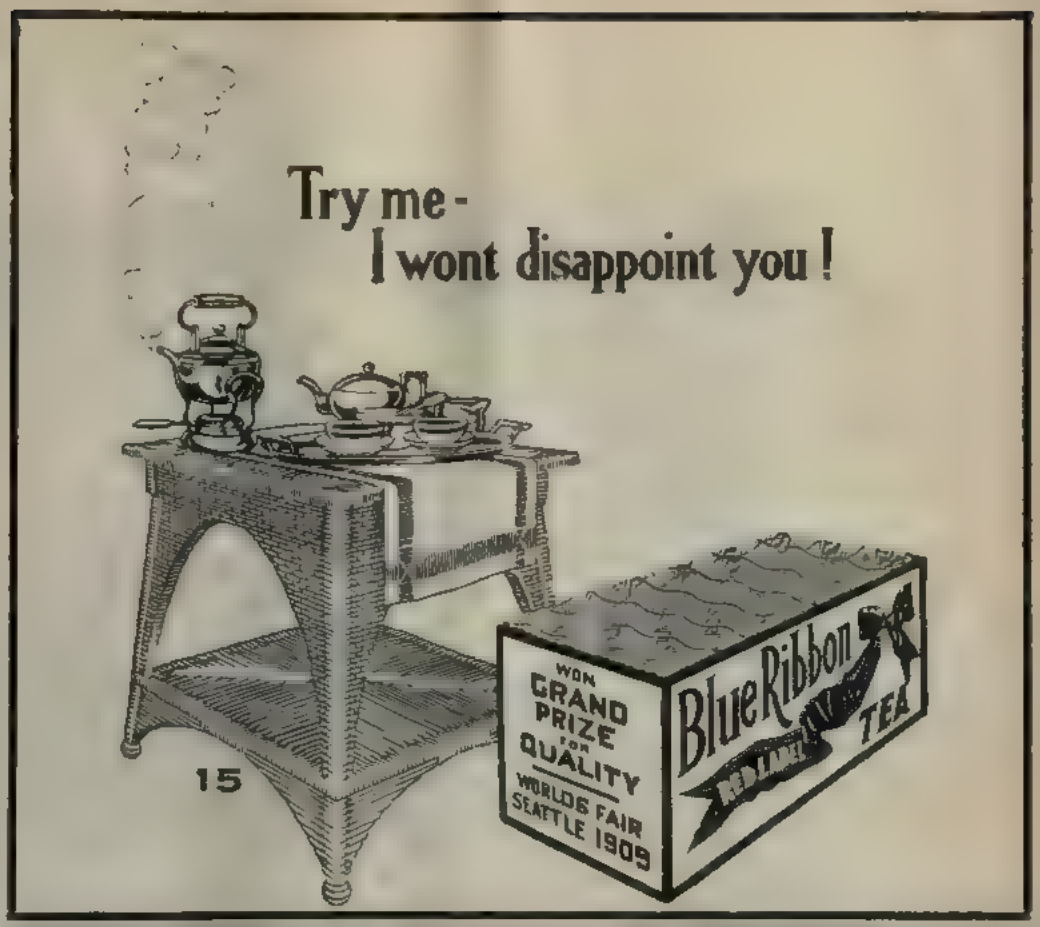
Having sought out the seed of destiny, having planted the Future, the sons of Montreal could afford to water it with tears and heart's blood, serene of soul, assured of ultimate "Well-done" whether they carried the compass or the Cross.

Wouldn't be Run Over

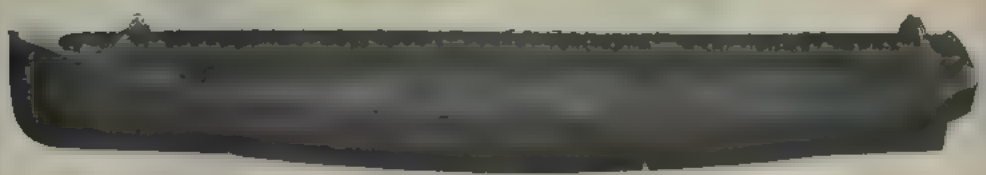
Continued from page 223.

Either they or their agents, were so incensed against these knitter-radicals, that they plotted against them physically.

The knitted goods, when made in the little manufacturing village, had to be carried to Nottingham in vans, from which they would be distributed in the city to their various destinations These vans were owned by the capitalists; their drivers naturally were favorable to the cause of their employers. These drivers also were of a rather rough, combative nature, and a feud



THE "DEAN" No. 404



The boat which is used with detachable motors

(Note how close the ribs are.)

This is the STRONGEST, LIGHTEST and BEST boat ever put on the market. Made of clear Canadian Cedar, Copper and Brass nails are exclusively used. It is extremely well braced, and no outboard motor would have [illegible] It is made on the "Dean" Close Rib Metallic Joint Construction, a sample of which will be sent free on request

Write now before the season is over for our Catalogue "C" and get a full description of this beautiful boat. Rowing is the finest and safest sport in the world, and it is especially true with a Dean No. 404. The word "Dean" means PERFECTION when you are talking about boats or canoes.

READ THIS LETTER

WALTER DEAN,

FOOT OF YORK STREET,

Toronto, Ont.

STRATFORD, Jan. 29th, 1915.

MR. WALTER DEAN, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—I have nothing but good to say of the No. 404 Row Boat which I purchased from you last Spring. Had a splendid season's pastime with it. The boat was much admired for its graceful lines, fine model and ease in rowing. It is very light to handle—a fact that [illegible] necessary to haul the craft quite a distance to the boat house from the water's edge. I am thoroughly satisfied with this brass-jointed boat.

ROSS [illegible]

$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY .·. TORONTO, ONT

The 1916

Overland

$1050

MODEL 83 F.O.B HAMILTON

$375 Less Than Last Year

This 1916 Overland is essentially the same as our 1915 Overland—the famous Model 80 that sold for $1425. It is the largest four cylinder Overland that will be produced this season.

Specifications:

35 Horsepower motor
High-tension magneto ignition
5-Bearing crankshaft
Thermo-syphon cooling

Underslung rear springs
33" x 4" tires; non-skid on rear
Demountable rims; with one extra

Electric starting and lighting system
Headlight dimmers
Rain-vision, ventilating type built-in windshield

Instrument board on cowl dash
Left hand drive
Cantilever rear axle
One-man top and top cover
Magneto speedometer

Overland dealers are showing samples now.

New catalogue is ready. Please address Dept 3.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

New Models Now on Display at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

developed between them and the village knitters. During one election, the fight became almost dangerously bitter, and the drivers of the vans tried to run over the radical workmen. It was not safe for the latter to venture off the path. This condition of affairs was intolerable, and the Carters and their friends, with their experience in the Co-operative society, branched out a bit, and established a bus line of their own. By dint of much scraping and saving, the youth, Sam Carter, was able to put $50.00 into the enterprise, and it was the possession of this asset which, when the time came, made it possible for him to come to America.

One day Carter read in a local paper an advertisement about Vineland, "A city without booze," about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. Then, as now, Carter was an ardent advocate of temperance, because, as he says himself, "my sympathies are with the ordinary people and especially with those who work with their hands, and I feel that no real progress can be made by them as long as the liquor traffic lasts." Vineland, therefore, looked like an attractive proposition, and when Carter, put on the black list for his participation in two strikes, found himself out of employment, he withdrew the fifty dollars he had invested in the bus company, and came to America.

The fact that the young English radical-temperance advocate did not find things in Vineland exactly as they had been pictured, and that therefore, he moved along to Thorold near Niagara Falls, and then to Guelph, does not obliterate one of the reasons for his coming to this continent. To find a place without liquor was one of his aims, and even his first disappointment with Vineland did not discourage him. In 1899 he ran for councillor in Guelph on the platform of license reduction, and won. In the Legislature to-day Carter stands first of all for the abolition of the bar and for the prohibition of the sale of all intoxicating liquors. He is perhaps the most outspoken temperance man in the House.

At the same time true to his traditions he is fighting for those men who for various reasons are in danger of being run down in the race of life. His democracy and his radicalism are essentially of the fighting and practical type. This is all the more remarkable because Samuel Carter is no longer a mill hand in a knitting factory. At Thorold he worked in a mill, but by the time he had reached Guelph, he was able to start for himself in a small way with four machines. He gradually built up a good business, and now employs between seventy-five and one hundred hands. In carrying on the knitting trade he is in line with the force of continuity for it was in the very district in which Carter was born that knitting was invented early in the seventeenth century.

It was in municipal life that Mr. Carter received his schooling for public affairs. He was in the Guelph Council from 1899 to 1904, was chairman of the Light and Power Commission from 1904 to 1914, and was mayor of the city in 1913 and 1914. His municipal career is best known for his fight for public ownership as a branch of his democratic principles. Just at the beginning of this century, the franchise for lighting in Guelph was expiring, and almost single handed, at first, Samuel Carter fought for public ownership. After a titanic struggle, a plebiscite was submitted to the people, and the corporation took over the electric light and gas plants. This was before the time of the Hydro-Electric, and, in fact, the inauguration of that system comes practically at any rate from the work of Mr. Carter and of a group of men, Liberals and Conservatives, in London, Toronto and Guelph. A Guelph man, Mr. J. W. Lyon, was in the early years secretary of the Municipal and Electric Union which was leading the movement for public ownership. Mr. Carter to-day is prominent in the latest development in the Hydro-Electric field, Hydro Radials. Although not agreeing with him politically, he has always co-operated with Sir Adam Beck in his power work.

For picturesqueness, another of Carter's planks, on which he appealed when running for mayor, is also worthy of note. This platform was that everyone in Guelph, the mayor and highest officials to the lowliest workman, would be treated alike in the payment of gas and electric light bills. It appears that some of the leading civic men and officials with their friends were always paying their bills late, and yet expecting to receive the discount offered for speedy payment. The matter had become a public scandal in Guelph, and its exposure by Carter helped his election. He was showing in this fight the practical bearing of one of his declared principles which is "A public man can have no friends. A fundamental necessity for him is to be fair to everybody and to give favors to none, whatever may be their rank or relation."

From all this it may be inferred that Carter is a fighter.

A new man in the Legislature, he has established in his very first session the reputation of sharing with Hon Thomas McGarry, the laurels of the heaviest "scrapper" in the House. But, whereas McGarry, with all his ability, rather gives the impression of fighting for the mere sake of fighting and not for any deep-down ideals, Car-

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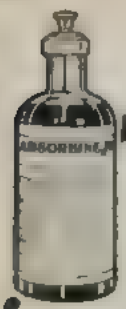

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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

ter is simply ablaze with crusading zeal. At times, when he speaks, he is deceivingly quiet, but if you only wait for a moment or two you will be actually startled at the outburst of spontaneous zeal and enthusiasm, which has a queer magnetic effect

One instance will suffice. This session, during the debate on the liquor question, Mr. Carter moved an amendment to the government bill, suggesting that all bars as well as shops be closed every evening at seven o'clock. The government rejected the proposal. Carter then moved that the hour be eight o'clock, instead of eleven as at present in cities. This again the government rejected. And now, without taking any partisan stand in the temperance controversy in Ontario politics, it is easy to see that some members on the government side made a serious mistake. Up to this point Carter had been comparatively quiet When he got up to move next that the hour be fixed at nine o'clock, some of the government supporters began to snicker, and when, upon the rejection of that, Carter rose for the fourth time, and proposed ten o'clock, there was general laughter from the government seats

They were able to vote down Carter's motions, but they were unable to stem the torrent of the most dramatic speech in the whole session, one which had the strange effect of causing a hush in the whole Chamber. All the Carter antecedents, all the fire which had been burning in the Carters at the time of the Chartists, in his father as he had been arrested for talking in a wood, in himself as he had had to jump close to the fence to avoid being run over by a heavy rumbling van, the fire which had led him to fight the officials of Guelph—the whole cumulative conflagration burst out against the government in an impassioned speech which has been talked about wherever the 1915 session of the Ontario Legislature has been discussed

"You laugh to-night," Carter blazed out. "You mock at our amendments Our concern for the boys of this country makes great sport for you. But I know and you know what is happening this very night in the bar rooms of this and other cities. Our men and boys are being ruined; their money is being wasted; their homes are being destroyed, their lives are being blasted.—I warn you and your government that I will go through this province and I will tell the people, no matter what their party, that you sneered when we tried to shut the bars, that when we moved to cut down the bar room hours you mocked. This accursed liquor business has damned one government in Ontario, and I warn you it will damn yours too."

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Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ½ cup hot water add one teaspoonful of Mapleine Soak one heaping tablespoonful of Gelatine twenty minutes in ½ cup cold water, add ½ cup of boiling water and stir in above Mapleine mixture; when cool stir in ½ cup whipped cream. Pour into moulds

After testing this recipe, we offer it to you with this comment—*it is delicious.*

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Samuel Carter is the sort of man to whom his opponents, if they are wise, will apply the motto, "It is well to let sleeping dogs lie." Only—in his public life, Carter has a severe attack of almost chronic insomnia.

The Value of Vanity

Continued from page 236.

is goin' to make trouble for the producin' member of the firm when she tries to measure up to Mrs. Ten Thousand. She can't do it without crowding the senior partner into debt or speculation or both.

"That's in the city or wherever else population thickens and people grade up different in money matters, but out here they all start even, and that's what makes it another kind of a proposition. One man may have a bit more ready cash than another at the start, but that don't cut any figure. They've got farms of the same size and the same soil, and they've got to make their living from those farms.

"Smith comes out here and gets a hundred and sixty acres. That's the reg'lar allotment of the Canadian Pacific Railway, unimproved farm land, (which is what we're talkin' about), but he can have more if he wants it. There's different propositions in different places, the railroads doin' more in one place than in another, but everybody in each colony starts even with everybody else in that colony—has the same chances and the same help that others get—so it amounts to the same thing in one place as in another.

"Well, Smith gets his hundred and sixty and starts in. We'll say he was one of the first to come. There ain't any neighbors, and his wife gets down to calico and hard work. It don't bother her none how she dresses, for there's nobody to see. It's lonely and hard, and there's a lot of economizin' to do to make what money they've got last until the farm begins to pay something, but she's game.

"Then comes Jones and takes the next hundred and sixty, and others follow till there's neighbors a-plenty, even if they ain't right near, and Mrs. Smith sees people 'most as often as once or twice a week. She begins to think more about clothes and such things, but still not much, for the others are just getting started and nobody bothers much about anything that ain't absolutely necessary. But Jones is an up-to-date fellow and Smith is one of the pigheaded kind. Jones gets the advice of the colonization people on how to lay out his farm and what to raise and how to raise it. As I said before, ways are different, and the thing to do in one place ain't what it is in some other. The colonization people are always anxious to help in any way they can, and there are demonstration farms to show the best way to get results under the condition. existin' in any particular locality. Jones studies and talks and asks advice and does everything to make the most of his farm, but Smith, bein' pigheaded, goes his own way, which may be the right way for Iowa or Nebraska but don't fit the conditions in Saskatchewan. Besides fixing the land up, putting fifty to one-hundred acres under cultivation for a starter, even lending the Smiths and the Joneses $2,000 for stock and improvements, the railroads shows them how to use 'em; with demonstration farms, experts, and 'tried receipts,' as you might call 'em.

"Now anybody but a fool can see that Jones is a-goin' to get more out of his farm than Smith, and he does. Mrs. Smith discovers that right quick when Mrs. Jones begins to dress better and live better in every way. Their house is better furnished, they have more conveniences, and after a time Jones builds a better house. It takes time for the difference to show enough to be noticed, but it shows a-plenty as time goes on. Some of the others that have come in are like Smith, but some are like Jones, and Mrs. Smith fixes her mind and her eyes on those that are like Jones. Then it begins to be hard sleddin' for Smith.

"'John,' says Mrs. Smith, 'why is it the Joneses are doin' so much better than we are?'

"'Oh,' says John, 'Jones is lucky.'

"'It don't look to me like that,' says Mrs. Smith, 'We got the same weather, the same soil, the same size farm and

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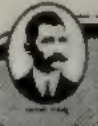

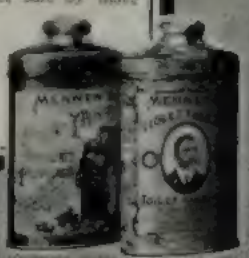

we started first. Why ain't we doin' as well ?'

"'Oh,' says John, 'Jones made a lucky guess in plannin' what he'd raise and where he'd plant it.'

"'Mebbe it wasn't a guess,' says Mrs. Smith. 'It don't look to me like a man who was only guessin' could hit it right every time.'

"Then John sneaks out to the barn, sayin' he's got to feed the live stock and he don't come back till his wife's had time to forget about the Joneses. But that don't help much, for she comes at him again a few days later.

"'John,' she says, 'the Joneses are talkin' of building a new house next year, and their old one's better than ours since they put the addition on it. Don't you reckon we could have something a little better than this shack ?'

"'No,' says John; 'we ain't got the money.'

"'Well, why ain't we ?' asks Mrs. Smith. 'We got the same soil and the same weather——'

"But John is diggin' out for the barn again. It ain't a bit comfortable for John in the house, and he sticks to the barn as much as he can. He gets to lookin' for remarks and questions when he goes in for meals and to sleep, but Mrs. Smith don't pester him reg'lar. She lets him go till he's feelin' comfortable again, and then she jabs him unexpected.

"'John,' says she 'I see Mrs. Jones drivin' to town in a new buggy to-day. I'm 'most ashamed to be seen any more in that rickety old cart of ours. Don't you reckon we could have something better ?'

"'No,' says John, 'I don't.'

"'Why not ?' asks his wife.

"'We ain't got the money,' says John.

"'Well, why ain't we ?' she wants to know; and John hides in the barn some more.

"It's the same when the Joneses get a parlor organ and Mrs. Jones has a new dress and they show prosperity in other ways; and pretty soon Smith is hurried into doin' some real hard thinkin'. Right down in his heart he knows that something is wrong and he ought to be gettin' as much out of his farm as Jones gets out of his, even if he won't own up to it, and he starts to studyin' the thing out. It's Mrs. Smith wanting to measure up to Mrs. Jones that makes him do it. He thinks mebbe there's other people that knows more about farmin' in Saskatchewan than he does. He talks with Jones and others that are gettin' the best results and begins to give attention to the demonstration farms and what the colonization officials and their experts can tell him. And pretty soon he's gettin' as good results as Jones.

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"We had all given up hopes of saving her life when the Doctor ordered me to get Glaxo for her. The doctor told me all about Glaxo—of its purity—its freedom from starch and the ease with which it is digested, and considered that the baby's only hope lay in Glaxo.

"Results proved the doctor's words to be true. From the day I started to use Glaxo she began to grow healthy, strong and happy. She is now two years and two months old and it would be impossible to find a more healthy or bonnier baby."

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"Mebbe you think that's a joke," concluded the driver, as he abandoned cigarettes for his pipe; "mebbe you think I'm talkin' for the mere fun of exercisin' my tongue, but what I'm tellin' you is the solemn truth. There's lots of Smiths all through Western Canada, and they wouldn't amount to near as much as they do in developing a district if it wasn't for the Mrs. Smiths that want to measure up to the Mrs. Joneses. So, as I was savin' at the start, th's here trait of woman, which mostly makes trouble, is a mighty big influence in developing the country in the right way."

The Road of the Lost Citizens

Continued from page 232.

so hated in the States, in due course carved success out of early misfortunes. Their tenacity of purpose to serve the King was matched by their ambition to conquer the soil.

Charles G. D. Roberts says in his History of Canada: "The migration of the Loyalists will some day come to be recognized as one of those movements which have changed the course of history. It will be recognized as not less significant and farreaching in its results than the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. For, without detracting from the achievement of our French fellow-citizens, it is but truth to say that the United Empire Loyalists were makers of Canada. They brought to our making about 30,000 people, of the choicest stock the Colonies could boast. They were an army of leaders, for it was the loftiest heads that attracted the hate of the revolutionists. Canada owes deep gratitude to her Southern kinsman, who thus, from Maine to Georgia, picked out their choicest spirits, and sent them forth to people our Northern wilds. As the history of Canada unfolds, one marks the mighty influence of those 30,000, and we are forced to realize that the hands most potent in shaping it are the hands of the sons of the Loyalists."

Perhaps you understand now why Dorothy's rum bottle gets her up to knit, more effectually than the most clangorous of Big Bens. Perhaps you see why brother Gregory goes to war for the Empire, not merely because he's three quarters Irish and loves a scrap but because of the other quarter, Highland Scotch via Vermont, via Nova Scotia, per ox-team. When America looks across the line and sees the khaki columns sliding down to the sea, when she thinks of the vast resources of the youngest and lustiest of nations she remembers that the men who built such civilization out of logs, logic and dogged loyalty, were her own flesh and blood. Her forefathers couldn't see eye to eye with them. But the Reb and the Yank looked through different glasses, and now the tottering veterans in Blue and Grey march together on Decoration Day.

Making a Man of Him

Continued from page 234.

The boy opened his eyes and stared. "Couldn't think of it, dad," he said, "the doctor says this is the only place—here in the woods—to plaster up broken men. Besides I wouldn't leave Murphy. I'm learning things, dad. When I go south—and Murphy goes with me—you're going to see a real man and not a tin horn sport."

Brandon Sr., laughed in spite of himself. "That's the talk, boy," he said, "that's what I wanted you to say. Now I'll have to see if Murphy can put me up for to-night."

"You can have my bunk with the boys," returned the Wild One, "it's the first by the window."

"Good," Brandon Sr. returned. "I'll use it to-night anyway."

For the next few minutes the lumber king was busy writing on a little book, a leaf of which he tore out and put in his pocket.

"Feel all right to leave you alone for a minute or two, son?" he asked.

"Sure, dad, go as far as you like."

Brandon Sr. ran his hand over the Wild One's head and opening the door stepped out. As he turned he ran into the big boss.

"Murphy," he called, "you're just the man I want to see. I want to thank you"——

"I wouldn't say anything about that," answered the big man, blushing like a girl.

"All right, I won't," returned the owner offering his hand.

The hairy paw of the lumber boss closed over a piece of paper in the magnate's hand.

"That's for the boy's first year's tuition," he smiled over his shoulder as he walked towards the bunk house, "I'll triple it when he graduates."

Murphy opened the folded slip. It was a certified check for a thousand dollars. The blue eyes studied the back of the retreating donor and there was thanks in them. Shoving the check slowly into his pocket he opened the door and stepped in. Taking a bottle and a spoon from his shirt pocket he approached the Wild One.

"Come on, buddie," he smiled, "take your medicine like a man." There was the light of a beautiful comradeship in the boy's eyes.

"All right, boss," he grinned, "watch me."